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JENNIE VERNON—A POEM FOR DECORATION DAY.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Day was drawing near its close,
Lilies and violets going to sleep,
The robin was chanting her vesper hymn,
When I heard the patter of fairy feet.

I turned, and a form divinely fair,
With deep blue eyes, so sweet and mild,
But precious, sacred, holy tears
Dimmed the eyes of the fairy child.

She held aloft a garland bright,
Fresh gathered from an odorous dell,
Where dew-drops kiss the blushing leaves
And evening zephyrs gently swell.

She spoke—I paused, entranced, to hear,
"Lay this wreath on a rebel soldier's grave,
I love them all for father sleeps
Where orange-blossoms o'er him wave.

"Perhaps some child of the sunny South
Will drop on father's grave a tear;
Or plant a flower to mark the spot
Where lies the form, to me, so dear."

Thrice glorious words, of mighty power,
A child's sweet lips, speaks forth His praise,
Our souls illumed by heavenly love,
Go forth to meet the golden days

When bound by love's immortal chain
A band of brothers we shall be,
And malice crushed to earth shall die,
And freedom's flag float o'er the free.

Then we shall blend with kindred lights
Who've passed before, to heaven above,
And breathe a hope-inspiring air
Perfumed by censers filled with love.

A SAILOR'S FORTUNE.

A Romance of the Land and the Ocean.

By FRED HUNTER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NOTARY'S DESIGN UPON ELMIR.

The young man who now sat an attentive listener to the proposition about to be made to him by the notary, had no idea that the latter was a knave. He believed what he had said, and he looked upon the offer as only a continuance of madame's favor; which he felt bound to accept and respect, from one who had thus far done so much for him in his emergency.

"You have already learned, young man," said Martini, "that madame confides in me. I have been her confidential adviser for a long term of years, and she knows me."

"Yes, monsieur, Madame Denoir has spoken to me of yourself, in very flattering terms."

"Ah! I had not expected that," said the notary, shrewdly. "So much the better. You will not distrust me, then."

"No, monsieur. With the exception of madame, I have no friend of influence to whom I can appeal for assistance; and I shall respect her advice accordingly."

"You are wise in your decision; and, in advance, I must commend your sagacity," added Martini, in a flattering tone. "So, we will proceed at once to business. Madame Denoir finds herself exceedingly cramped for ready means, as I have already informed you; and she is thus compelled to curtail all outside expenditures. She does not feel disposed to incur the further responsibility of keeping you at school here—and commissioned me, some weeks since, to look about for some opportunity whereby you might, if you chose to do so, be enabled to begin the world advantageously to yourself, and thus relieve her."

"Madame is very considerate, and I am grateful for her efforts, and yours, monsieur."

"It is well. Have you ever thought of any profession for the future?"

"No, monsieur, not as yet."

"In what way, monsieur?"

"I thought you might feel disposed to see the world—to visit foreign countries; in short, I chanced upon an old friend of my own, and also of your lamented uncle, a little time since, who is master of a fine brig, and who has been in the Spanish trade for many years. He began life a mere cabin boy, without means or friends, and with little education; he had a stout heart, though, and, by his own exertions, he worked his way up to a captaincy in the merchant service in seven years."

"In seven years!" said Elmir.

"Yes. That is not long, for the accomplishment of such a business, and for the establishment of such a position, surely."

"On the contrary, monsieur, I deem such success remarkable."

"It is not a strange result, in the French merchant service, Elmir, under good auspices. The captain I speak of, is now well off, too. He has continued to prosper, and has long been beyond the reach of poverty. By continued application he has become a man of moderate wealth. If you will, you may do better than he has done."

"I embrace your offer, most gratefully, monsieur," continued Elmir, in an enthusiastic tone. "I shall be happy to avail myself of such an opportunity, and consider myself fortunate, peculiarly, under the circumstances."

"The captain is now about ready to sail for Lisbon."

"Can I not join him at once?"

"Are you disposed to commence at

THE LADY HAD NOT HEARD HIM ENTER THE ROOM, AND FOR A FEW MOMENTS MARTINI STOOD GAZING AT HER, HIS ARM RESTING ON THE MANTEL-PIECE.

the bottom of the ladder, Elmir?"

"Yes, monsieur, and at once."

"If you do not join him directly," continued Martini, deceitfully, "this opportunity will have passed away; and I consider it a good one. I was not aware that he was ready for sea, until yesterday; and he but awaits a communication from me to proceed upon his voyage. I was anxious to get this opportunity, and to secure it for you (if the proposal pleased you), and it is an agreeable one to madame, I find—with whom I have already conferred upon the subject."

"Do not suffer it to escape, monsieur, I pray you," continued Elmir, anxiously. "I can get in readiness forthwith; and I am sure I shall be delighted with it."

"I will write to the captain, then, at once. In the meantime you can prepare to leave Paris, immediately, Elmir; for no time must be lost."

"I will wait upon madame, then," said Elmir, hastily, "and thank her for her kindness——"

"No—I think you had better not do this. Her temperament is nervous, and she is too sensitive to speak of a matter which must call up a remembrance of your late uncle, whom she esteemed so highly; and whose affairs were found in such a state as has finally compelled her to this course in regard to yourself. No, Elmir, you had better not call upon madame, I think. I will represent you to her, and will say more than you could say."

Elmir thought a moment of Flora—the sweet, innocent, captivating beauty of Toulon—and he said, thoughtfully:

"There is mademoiselle, too—Flora. I should be glad to pay my parting respects to her, monsieur."

A thought suddenly struck the notary and he replied:

"Yes, I remember. A very pretty miss she is. But she is gone."

"Gone? Whither?"

"She has left Paris for Toulon."

"So soon?"

"Yesterday I learned that she was just ready to leave, when I called upon madame in reference to this matter."

"It is well, then, monsieur. I shall be governed by your suggestions and convenience; and will prepare at once for my departure."

"Very well. I will wait on you again, three hours hence," said Martini. And he left the youth forthwith.

Now, it is scarcely necessary to assert that the whole of this undertaking was but the scheme of the notary alone, to further his own personal interest! Not one word of communication had he ever had upon this subject with Madame Denoir—not a shade of suspicion existed in her mind that any such plot had been begun—not a thought had she indulged that Elmir was not still a dependent upon her—not a single wish had ever entered her brain in accordance with this cunningly devised plan of Martini, to put the young man out of his path, for the present!

Nevertheless, his arrangements were complete, and well contrived, throughout. He had found a man, the master of a small brig, then ready to sail from Havre, and he had made him his tool to carry out the proposition just made to Elmir Fonblanc. *The boy stood in his way.* The codicil to Monsieur Bouvais's will gave a large property to other parties than Madame Denoir. This document was in the possession of the notary, and he would use it or not, as his own profit demanded—and in his own chosen time. The lady was entirely ignorant of the existence of this instrument, and she felt independent of the favor or the frowns of the notary—who had the power to crush her, notwithstanding, if she eventually discarded him and resisted his approaches.

Thus stood the case, when Elmir met Martini so unexpectedly, and when the wily knave proposed to him, as we have seen. Flora had *not* left Paris, at all! She came up for a long visit, at the summons of Madame Denoir, herself, who had taken this means of introducing her to Elmir's special notice, in the hope that a union might take place between the young lady and the nephew of her late friend—at the proper time. But she was destined to disappointment and deep chagrin, as we shall soon see.

Madame Denoir and Flora sat together on the evening of the day of the interview just described, and both were looking for Elmir, whom they expected to call at the mansion. But the hours passed away, and the youth did not make his appearance.

"I am surprised at this," said madame, "for he has been very attentive, when he has been in Paris, before."

"I should have been gratified to meet him," responded Flora, quietly. But Elmir did not come.

On the following day, Madame Denoir had ordered her carriage, and Flora had already prepared to join her for a morning ride. The vehicle was before the door, and just before leaving, madame said to an attendant:

"If Monsieur Fonblanc shall present himself, invite him to tarry until our return. I am desirous of seeing him, and shall be absent but an hour."

The elegant vehicle rolled slowly away, and a few moments afterwards the crowd of carriages and vehicles occasioned a temporary halt. A cabriolet came hurrying down from the opposite direction, in which were seated two individuals. The ladies instantly recognized the nearest person, and a hasty exchange of compliments passed, as the cab darted by them. It was Elmir Fonblanc who raised his hat respectfully as he passed; and Flora smiled, and bowed—sweetly, pleasantly, kindly—as he left her, bound on a long and doubtful journey. By his side, sat the notary. But he had contrived to muffle himself to the ears in his cloak, and the ladies did not suspect him. He continued on, and madame and her guest returned soon afterwards to the Place Vandeau.

At evening, Martini waited upon madame, for a friendly call. He was calm, and subtle, and agreeable, as was his custom—but no shadow of suspicion could have attached to *him*, touching the departure of Elmir from Paris. The boy had gone, however, and he now called upon the ladies to inform them (in his own way) of this anticipated circumstance.

"We were just saying, monsieur," remarked madame, as the notary entered the reception, "that it was our young friend Elmir approaching. I marvel that he does not show himself. For three days we have neither seen nor heard from him. Is it not singular, monsieur?"

"No, madame—I think not."

"You forget," remarked Flora. "We met him, this morning, near the Boulevards."

"Yes, yes. In a cab, hurrying away over the pavement."

"Then my information is correct."

"Information?"

"Yes, madame. I learned, an hour since, that he had absconded."

"What, monsieur!" exclaimed Madame Denoir, excitedly.

"Perhaps I should have used a milder term, madame—but the boy has run away, unquestionably."

"Whither—and for what purpose?"

"I cannot answer that, lady. I only know that for several months, whenever we have met, I have observed that a desire to be growing within the young man to go abroad. He has appeared to be inclined to a roving life, and much of his leisure, when in Paris, has been passed upon the quays. He talked of ships and boats and the joyous waves, almost constantly, when we were together; and declared to me, long since, that if he could, he would become a sailor."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed madame, to whom this *penchant* on Elmir's part was, until this moment, utterly unknown.

"It is just as I tell you, madame. And, since he has been here now, he has been in frequent communication with a Havre shipmaster, who I noted latterly conceived a great fancy for the boy. His vessel is now, or rather has been, ready for sea for several days. He has induced Elmir to join him, and I have no doubt that the boy is now far away from Paris."

"But, monsieur!" exclaimed madame, starting to her feet, "this will never do. He may be recovered—he may be detained—returned—I am his guardian; I would not, for worlds, that he should be taken away and thus perilled. Quick, monsieur! I pray you, haste!"

"Whither, madame?"

"Despatch a courier to Havre, instanter. If the vessel has not sailed, he may be induced to forego this propensity. I charge you, haste—and bring him back."

"Do, monsieur;" added Flora, deeply interested in the matter.

"I will obey your instructions, madame, to the letter," said Martini, in an apparently devoted tone. "No efforts shall be spared to find him, I assure you. I did not imagine, for one moment, that you felt so deep an interest in the young man's movements. I will see to it at once!"

"Do so, I pray you, monsieur. Let no expense interrupt or hinder you. Seek him out—detain him—counsel him to return—*arrest* him, if necessary! But, do not suffer him to leave the country. Haste!"

The notary departed, as if with earnest intent to execute the lady's commands. He hurried out of sight, chuckled as he hastened along, and five minutes afterward he sat down in his own private apartment to smile at the progress of his plans!

"Ah, my lady!" he said, mentally, "if you knew what Martini knows this night, you would lower that imperative tone—you would not pursue the fugitive, I think!"

Elmir reached Havre in safety—the brig had been under sailing orders for twenty-four hours—and, through the notary's good management, everything worked admirably. The boy found that he had nothing to do but to go on board. His wardrobe had been got ready in advance—the captain greeted him kindly—and the vessel put out to sea at once!

CHAPTER V.

THE RESULT OF MARTINI'S SEARCH.

Go with me, dear reader, to Toulon—one of the loveliest towns in all France—with its cleanly streets, its numerous fountains, its many handsome buildings, and its happy people. It is not a very long journey from the city of Paris—but six months had passed away, since Elmir fled from the metropolis; no tidings had been obtained of him, except by such inuendos as Martini chose to drop, and Madame Denoir had left town for a visit in the more quiet and healthy precincts of Toulon.

When young Fonblanc passed madame's carriage, near the Boulevards, he turned to the notary beside him, and said:

"I understood you that Ma'amoiselle Flora had left the city, monsieur."

"She was to have left, on yesterday."

"We have just passed her, in madame's carriage," said Elmir, quietly.

This was an unfortunate accident, but Martini was always ready for such an exigency.

"Then she will go to-day, I presume," replied the notary. "Women are uncertain in their plans, you know." And the conversation ceased.

Search for the fugitive proved unavailing. The name of the captain, or of the vessel in which he would return—all was mystery. The notary assured Madame Denoir that he had assiduously sought him, without effect; and in a few weeks after the lad's departure, the cunning intriguer had contrived to convince the lady that the boy was an ingrate, and that he had run away, to escape from her further control.

Madame was deeply moved by this untoward occurrence. There was but a single being in the world she sincerely loved—and that was Flora Delmont. She esteemed the youth, and would have had him inclined to wed the "heiress," at a future day, if such a matter could have been consummated. Her hopes in this respect had been thwarted, and she left Paris in anything but a happy mood of mind!

The quiet and repose she sought at Toulon, however, was destined to be of but short duration. She had been domiciled in a beautiful residence at this place scarcely three weeks, when, as she sat one evening conversing with Flora, the servant announced a gentleman in the drawing-room, below, who would confer with her, if she was at leisure.

At the same time, the servant presented the visitor's card, upon which madame read the name of "Martini, Notary—Paris."

Madame inquired eagerly if any intelligence had yet been received of the youth's whereabouts, and the notary only shook his head.

"What has happened, monsieur?" she then demanded, quickly.

"I know nothing, lady, only what you may also know, from this paragraph," said Martini; and he took from his pocket a Paris journal, and directed the lady's attention to an item of news it contained, and which read as follows:

"A WRECK.—The Dolphin, at Havre, from the Mediterranean, yesterday, reports the total loss of the brig Pasquelle, which sailed from this port some months since, for Lisbon and the Straits—and which was on the return passage, with a valuable cargo, after a remarkably successful trip. We regret being called upon to announce the destruction of the vessel, in the late gale, and to add that the whole of the crew were in all probability lost! as no tidings have been had of them, and the wreck must have occurred some weeks ago, at sea."

"Tell me, monsieur," said madame, instantly, "what has this to do with him?"

"Peradventure, nothing, madame. But, as nearly as I can ascertain, that is the name of the brig in which Elmir sailed from Havre, when he absconded, some months since."

The news fell like a thunderbolt upon the senses of both madame and Flora Delmont. At the worst, they fancied that Elmir would be absent from Paris but a few months, and they resolved upon meeting him, once more, to dissuade him directly from pursuing so precarious a mode of life, if possible. But, for the present, this was not to be.

The Pasquelle was lost, beyond a doubt. Whether any of her crew were fortunate enough to escape a watery grave, remained to be developed in the future. In the meantime, the notary applied himself to the consummation of his plans and designs upon both madame and Elmir, hoping and calculating that, at any rate, he would be able to accomplish his purposes, before any new feature or disclosure should transpire. He deemed that the field for another trial with madame was now open to him; and he chose to appeal to her, again, peremptorily, and to show his cards, if she declined his proffer, at last. The time had come when he thought he could with safety act upon the offensive. Madame was despairing of the probable success of her scheme with Flora and the boy, and he would step in, and win her over to himself ere she should have leisure for serious reflection on the subject. And thus resolved, he waited on Madame Denoir, and on entering the drawing-room found her reclining on a couch. The lady had not heard him enter the room, and for a few moments Martini stood gazing at her, his arms resting on the mantel-piece, while he decided on how he should break to her the intelligence which would, he hoped, break down her proud spirit.

Stepping forward at last, Madame Denoir arose and received him cordially.

"My dear Madame Denoir," began the notary, in the most obsequious manner, "I trust that you have now had leisure to consider the proposition I have so repeatedly had the honor to submit to you, of late——"

"Of what do you speak, monsieur?"

"I have asked you to believe, madame, that my esteem and respect for you, is not of an ordinary character. I love you, and would make you my wife!"

"Surely, monsieur, you are not serious," exclaimed the lady, a good deal surprised at the manner of the notary.

"Upon my honor, madame, I mean what I say."

"Then, monsieur, I have only to reply that I am astonished at your temerity and assurance!"

"In other words, you have already expressed these sentiments before, madame," said Martini, drily, "and I assure you, now, that your own interest is involved in this affair, more deeply than you at present seem to realize."

The lady smiled at the knave, and then responded:

"I fancy, monsieur, after your long acquaintance with Maria Denoir, that you have no idea that anything like a threat can affect her!"

"No, madame—I will not stoop to any such unnecessary artifice, I assure you. But, when you shall have been made acquainted with a certain secret, of which I am now alone possessed, I am inclined to imagine that you will think more seriously and more kindly both of me and my notions. This secret I came here, to-night, to reveal to you, if you are inclined to share it with me."

"If I were naturally a curious woman—as readily excited by the marvelous as my sex is too often inclined to be, I might seek to know what this secret is. But, I assure you, monsieur, I have no fancy for meddling with the affairs of other people, and shall willingly suffer you to retain your treasure—so far as I am concerned."

"I commend your courage, lady—but I am fully prepared to cause you to change your mind."

"Come, monsieur," said madame, rising, "I beg you to excuse me, to-night. At some other time, I may hear you——"

"No, madame, be seated and listen to me, now. After I have disclosed this little matter to you, I shall feel relieved, myself, and I am sure you will feel differently towards me; for I think I understand your character," insisted Martini.

"Monsieur, your secret can have no interest for me, I am satisfied. I am the possessor of a handsome fortune, the sole legatee of the property of Monsieur Bouvias. I am independent of you and of the world. I seek no favor, and cannot brook this importunity longer."

"It is of this very fortune that I would now speak, madame."

"Well then, go on, monsieur, go on."

"First, then, madame—though you think so, and have thus far had good reason so to believe—yet, let me tell you, you are not the sole legatee of monsieur's estate!"

Had the walls of the building in which they sat, fallen into the apartment at

that moment, Madame Denoir could not have been more shocked than she was at this extraordinary announcement! For a moment, she stood bolt upright, gazing intently upon the notary, as if she would have read every impulse in his wicked brain. Then she staggered forward to a chair—and asked, in a plainly terrified tone:

"What does monsieur mean?"

"What he says, madame. There are those who may largely share this fortune with you, if Antonio Martini but wills it!"

"I do not—comprehend," replied madame, in the deepest concern. "I am unadvised of any change—I am at a loss to conceive what has transpired to wrest from me my rights."

"No change has occurred, since monsieur's decease, madame—but there are such things as codicils to wills, you know."

"But monsieur left no such document, I am sure."

"And I am as certain that he did, madame," continued the notary. "It was cautiously drawn up, some days before his death, and was duly executed, in my presence, madame."

"Go on—go on, monsieur; I will listen," said the lady, desperately. "Proceed with your cursed scheme. I will believe nothing, hereafter—trust no one—confide in no one. Go on! Tell me, am I disinherited?"

"No, madame; not so bad as that."

"Well, then, tell me the worst! I am prepared for anything, now."

The notary drew up his chair at the lady's side, and continued his explanation.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE THING WAS DONE.

An excited flush had overspread the handsome features of the woman, for a moment, but it quickly vanished, as the notary went on.

"It might have been, madame," he continued, "that you should be now penniless—but I stood in the way of that. I am your friend, to-day, as I was, and have been, for years past; and, when the documents were being prepared, I took care that your interest should be guarded. Am I not entitled to a measure of thanks for such a course?"

"Why have I been kept so long in utter ignorance of the existence of this pretended codicil?" demanded Madame Denoir, peremptorily.

"You shall learn details, madame, as we proceed," responded the notary, shrewdly.

"To what extent is my fortune thus impaired, monsieur?"

"One half——"

"*One half!*"

"Hear me, madame. One half the personal, and the whole of the real estate."

"What!" screamed madame, frantically—"what do you say?"

"I am correct, madame; thus reads the codicil, I am certain."

"I am a pauper, then!"

"Oh, no—madame. The personal effects of my late lamented friend are of no mean value, surely; they could not fail to amount to——"

"The whole of the real estate," murmured the lady, despondingly—and then, a moment afterward, she asked, "who is the legatee, monsieur?"

"There are two of them, madame—Elmir, the runaway boy, and Flora Delmont."

"Is it possible?"

"It is as I have stated. But the boy's fortune will be much the largest share."

"That is well——"

"Yes. But I control it."

"You, monsieur?"

"Yes, madame—by your leave."

"I am his guardian," said madame, firmly.

"I beg your pardon, lady—I think you are too fast; I did not leave anything to chance, or doubt, you perceive. The legal gentlemen make some pretensions to business qualifications; and, when the codicil was prepared, I suggested to my late friend that the future heir to so large an amount as he proposed to leave him, might be a minor when monsieur died. I said to my friend, 'would it not be well to be cautious, and secure this to the boy so that he will be benefited by it, through the care and control of some one competent to manage it, in such an event?' And monsieur answered—'yes, yes, Martini, you are correct. Fix it right, and strong; do it in your own way, Martini; I confide in your superior judgment.' This, madame, was very kind in my friend, and flattering to my humble self. I followed his suggestion, and did so prepare the codicil. When it was ready, he signed it—and said, 'Martini, I have known you a long time; you will carry out my views;' the seal was affixed to his signature, the documents were placed in my safe, and the secret remains with me—and yourself, madame."

A pause followed this carefully worded and significant statement; but, brief as it was, it had its effect upon the notary's listener, and he saw it, readily.

"What do you propose, monsieur?" continued Madame Denoir, at length.

"You have heard my avowal, lady; you have learned the state of your own case, and I shall be happy to hear from your lips, whether a compromise cannot be entered into."

"In what way, then?"

"As I have already told you, the boy has absconded, and may never return to France. At any rate, his secret is in my hands. I can control him, and his legacy, as you perceive. He may never know of his good fortune, madame, if you but will it!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the woman, cunningly, in a moment, "then you propose to destroy this evidence of his having been named in the codicil, and—and——"

"No, I don't; you are too fast again, madame. I should not do that, assuredly. But, if you agree, we may keep the secret, jointly; and enjoy the income of the property."

"And the condition?"

"Must be your hand, madame. You must become my wife!" said the notary.

"Sooner than do which," retorted the woman, severely, "I would give up all, and starve upon the steps of the portal of my late protector and friend!"

"Do you carry it so proudly, madame?" said the notary, in nowise abashed; "then let me caution you to be wary. At my will, the boy will return to France. If he comes back, you may be sure I shall so arrange my affair with him that your interests will suffer."

"Oh, monsieur!" exclaimed Madame Denoir, desperately, at last, "can you be serious in this matter?"

"I assure you, madame, I never was more so. And, to convince you of the truth of all that I have now said, I took care to bring with me, hither, the documents to which I have alluded, that you might see, for yourself, upon what a brittle foundation your self-esteemed fortunes are at this moment based." And with this assurance, which was delivered in a less arrogant, and far more persuasive tone, Martini drew forth from his breast pocket a parchment, and then another, which he handed to the lady to examine.

Madame Denoir was an even match for the villain Martini, under the same circumstances! But, as we shall see, the notary had the advantage of her in the present contest. She grasped the papers earnestly, and read the codicil—in which she found the bestowal of what she had deemed her fortune, to others. Then she perused the indenture of guardianship—and then she examined both, again, with the utmost scrutiny.

"I see it, monsieur," she said, "you have told me truly. But this is very unexpected."

"I do not doubt that you are surprised, madame. But is not my statement accurate?"

"It is, monsieur."

"And is not my power ample?"

"Yes. That is, if these papers are authentic."

"All the details can readily be substantiated," continued the notary, with a self satisfaction that did not escape the lady's notice.

"And these instruments are in your handwriting, I think," added madame.

"Exactly. As I told you, they were drawn up with my own hands."

"They have not been registered?"

"Not as yet."

"These, then, are all the evidence that exists of the folly of monsieur, in thus alienating his effects?"

"Those are all—and, save to yourself and him who now addresses you, the subject is a secret."

"Without these documents, then," continued Madame Denoir, deeply excited, "there is no proof, no clue to the shameful transaction?"

"No, madame—but they are duly signed, and attested, as you will see; and that is sufficient, when I choose to promulgate the facts, should such a course become necessary."

"Enough, monsieur;" cried the woman, starting wildly to her feet—"enough, scoundrel that you are! Your selfish proposal I spurn with contempt. And, for the evidence, you have so long gloated over in secret—these precious documents you have so cautiously and so villainously concealed, to further your own foul schemes—thus, and thus, and thus, I scatter their fragments, and disarm you, knave that you have proved—forever!" And, as she thus exclaimed, the enraged woman tore the instruments into a thousand shreds, and dashed the ruins at the notary's feet!

As the proud Madame Denoir strode across the apartment, after this rather melo-dramatic performance, her passion was suddenly cooled, and she was astounded at hearing a low, excited, singular chuckle—a sort of demoniacal laugh—which the notary was indulging, plainly at her expense!

"Leave me, monsieur!" she said, violently. "Leave this house, on the instant. *I had not suspected you to be a wolf.* But your fangs are extracted—you are harmless, and Marie Denoir is safe!"

"Calm yourself, lady," replied Martini, in a soothing and triumphant manner. "You are rash and inexperienced, I perceive. Were this a professional visit, I should feel myself justified in charging you roundly for my advice; as it is, the suggestions I am about to make shall be given gratis."

"Gratuitous, you should have said, monsieur. I seek no further advice, at your hands. I shall take counsel elsewhere, in the future; and henceforth, let us be strangers."

"No, madame—that cannot be."

"It must be, monsieur!"

"You are too fast, I repeat it. I would be your friend; I would advise you for your best interests; I would have you continue in the enjoyment of this splendid fortune; and I would share it with you. This is my aim—and this I will accomplish! If you drive me from your confidence, I shall not be answerable for consequences. But the power is in my hands, madame, and I shall use it to my own advantage."

"You are powerless, monsieur—and Marie Denoir is not to be intimidated. By your own admission, the evidence you prated of, is annihilated;" and she pointed the notary to the fragments of the codicil upon the carpet.

"Think you, Madame Denoir," responded Martini, in a bitterly sarcastic tone, "think you I should have come hither on the errand of a fool? Could you, for one moment, suspect that I should place myself in your power, thus, after five-and-twenty years' experience with all sorts of people, in every grade of life, under all phases of circumstances? Do you not know me better than to imagine I should be so remiss as to trust the originals of such precious instruments as these in the hands of any one, save myself? No, no—madame! You have destroyed them, you have shown me your true character, and I am now doubly armed. Those documents were merely copies of the originals!"

"What!" murmured the lady, confounded at this cool reply. "What do you mean, monsieur?"

"I mean what I have said, lady. The real instruments are safely deposited, and I can place my hand upon them whenever occasion calls for their production; these are merely transcripts."

But the now thoroughly alarmed victim of the notary could no longer withstand this sort of contest; and staggering back, confused, mortified, crushed by the villain's duplicity and cunning—she fell upon a couch, and her pent up passions found relief in a flood of bitter tears.

Martini halted a moment, and beheld the first effects of his wicked scheme. Then rising, he took his leave, for the night.

"Madame," he said, "I regret that you should find yourself thus excited, and I will retire. You will believe me to be in earnest, I fancy, after what has transpired, here, to-night; and you may rest assured that your own weal, in the future, is within your control. This secret is still ours; it may so remain—if you desire it; if not, not! *Bon suit*, madame. I shall wait upon you, again, to-morrow."

With this assurance, Martini departed; leaving Madame Denoir still in tears, and a prey to a thousand bitter and fearful reflections.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DANCE AT SEA.

Many years ago I was sailing over the broad ocean on the Fourth of July. To please his American passengers, the captain—a warm-hearted Scotchman—dressed the ship with flags from stem to stern. It was a magnificent day—there was not a breath of air to lift the semi-transparent, golden-stained haze in the atmosphere—and so the boatswain piped all hands for a holiday frolic.

The passengers piped themselves, and rushed in a body to see the sailors act an original play in which, disguised as elephants, donkeys, and other animals, they did inconceivable funny things. Then they gave a concert, *a la* negro minstrels, with a world of natural and characteristic humor. And in what festive, jolly spirits we got, to be sure. One of us—a bright, charming young fellow—invited the whole ship, passengers, officers, crew, cook, and powder-monkey to a ball in the evening, ending with a supper at his expense, on condition that we danced the figures as *he* called them out.

We were ready, at that moment, to promise to dance on our heads to anything, and looked on at a distance with delightful anticipation, while he gave some mysterious instructions to an old salt, which included some writing on his part and much giggling on the part of the tar, who walked off presently, looking as tickled as a little boy with a new kite.

After tea the deck was cleared for action. The full moon rode through the heavens without saddle or bridle, as a horsey passenger remarked. The captain's finely chiseled eye winked serenely at the subversion of law and order, as an amateur sculptor observed. The little, stumpy, old sailor, who owned a dilapidated fiddle, and was to do the music, brought out his Cremona, which whined and squealed to perfection, as he tried his hand at the good old tunes of Money Musk, Life Let us Cherish, and The Dashing White Sergeant, and soon after, the dancing began.

But figures! Instead of right and left, etc., which figure commences a cotilion, our host, taught by the old tar, yelled out this nautical paraphrase:

"Haul upon your starboard tack and let the other craft pass, then bear up and get your head upon the other tack; regain your berth on the port tack; back and fill with your partner; boxhaul, and wear round twice against the sun in company with the opposite craft, then your own; afterward boxhaul, and bring her round to place."

As we danced with the sailors, they kept us to our bearing, and we waited, 'mid shouts of laughter, for the next figure, which everybody knows in the vernacular as forward two.

"Shoot ahead about two fathoms, until you nearly come stem on with the other craft under way, then make stern board to your berth; side out for a bend, first to starboard then to port; make sail and pass the opposite craft, and get your head round on the other tack; another side out to starboard and port; then make all sail to regain your berth; wear round, back and fill, and boxhaul your partner."

After this came right hand across, which the old tar thus translated:

"Heave ahead and pass the adversary yard-arm to yard-arm," giving the whole figure with such droll directions that we were aching with laughter, ending with "Regain your berth by the best means possible, and let go the anchor."

The rest of the cotilion, given with sailing orders, was so riotously funny that the jig which ended it was according to everyone's whim, although the paraphrases were as good as they could be, commencing with "Wear round to starboard, passing under your partner's bows, and sight the catheads of all the crafts," and ending with "Boxhaul the whole squadron in the circular order of sailing."

If to laugh is to grow fat, our individual tonnage, that jolly Fourth of July in the middle of the ocean ought to have been prodigiously increased. The sailors greeted every figure with uproarious cheers and a "Yo-heave-oh," while we laughed till we could not gasp.—"*Aunt Fanny*," *in Appleton's Journal.*

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

In a paper read in a woman's meeting the other day, in regard to business women and what branches of business women are pursuing successfully, some facts were stated, taken from a business directory, which seemed to us curious and suggestive: 1,960 different kinds of occupation are recorded in this one great city. Out of this whole number there are only 168 in which women are engaged, or rather, in which they stand as their own representatives; and the proportion of men to women, even in this minority, is small that they only average 4,479 women to 37,203 men. It is somewhat surprising to find a few women in employments supposed to be entirely monopolized by and only fitted for men; as for example, out of 79 billiard saloons, 2 are kept by women, and out of 2,888 lager beer saloons, the proprietors of 51 are women. There are one female blacksmith in a list of 118, and 20 lady butchers in the whole number of 2,013.

There is also in the list of 488 names, one woman druggist, which is particularly worthy of mention, because a druggist must have a diploma from a pharmaceutical college, which have only just (in rare instances) begun to admit them, and must also have served practically in a drug store, three or four years. We have one woman stationer and bookseller, and 52 women doctors, among 1,633 physicians; and as apropos in this connection, it may be stated that out of 152 undertakers, two are women. Only one women wood-engraver is given among 79 males, but there are two women who are down at the head of exchange offices, three who are pawnbrokers; and five who are keepers of livery stables. Then if it takes nine tailors to make a man, are we to consider the nine women counted among 1,273 male tailors as the equivalent, also, of a masculine?

Then on the other hand, out of 296 boarding-house keepers, 165 are men; out of 27 makers of cloaks and mantillas, 23 are men; of 1,810 dressmakers, 68 are men; of 17 embroiderers, 13 are men; of 1,000 hair-dressers, 925 are men; of 16 lace-menders, 3 are men; of 172 laundresses, 88 are men; of 230 milliners, 71 are men; of 88 nurses, 13 are men; of 18 shirt manufacturers, 13 are men; and taking it altogether, it really seems that almost as many men have got hold of women's work as women who intrude upon the masculine monopoly of certain classes of business and labor.

FIRST AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT THE CENTENNIAL.

We are now fairly entered upon the great Centennial Exposition, and most persons are preparing themselves to go on to see what is to be done. But farmers and gardeners have another duty to perform in regard to it, and that is not only to contribute their personal selves to swell the amount of visitors, but also to contribute anything that they may have good enough to the general exhibition. In almost every other department space had to be engaged in advance. The dry goods man, the merchant of every degree, knew just what he would and could prepare and arrange for all in advance. So he has had to do this. But the farmer and vegetable-grower could not tell whether he would have a good crop of grain or vegetables; or the fruit-grower be sure that he would have superior strawberries or any other fruits. He must wait till the time comes before he knows whether he will need any space or not. The able chief of the Agricultural Bureau, Mr. Burnet Landreth, has foreseen all these difficulties, and provided for them. There will be special exhibits during the season, when anyone can send anything he may have that may be meritorious, just as they would to any regular horticultural or agricultural exhibition. The first of these displays will be for the week between May 16 and May 24. The idea is to have on exhibition then the fruits and vegetables saved over from last year, together with such of the present as may be in season. Particular attention is to be given to apples, and if the right effort is made it will be one of the most interesting displays ever made.

We are accustomed to see apples at our annual fairs in September, but the winter apples are not ripe then; and yet it is the winter varieties above all others that makes the apple so valuable. Not long since the London *Gardener's Chronicle* had an article on this very subject, showing how poorly England was supplied in this respect; that winter apples with them were of very limited variety and of comparatively poor quality, while, as it pointed out, America is more at home with good winter apples than with any other kind of fruit. It is a capital idea to bring forth as among the first fruits of the Centennial, during the opening week, the peculiar American feature of good winter apples. We understand that the State of Michigan alone will bring forth over forty varieties, and no doubt other States and individuals will help in the good work. The main avenue of the Agricultural Hall will be fitted up for the occasion, as well as a temporary structure to be erected outside.

It is to be hoped that everyone who has fruits or vegetables in creditable condition will send specimens to help the interest of the occasion.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

BRIDE'S ETIQUETTE IN RECEPTIONS.

Now that the wedding season has fairly commenced, and promises to be one of more than usual brilliance, a few hints on the etiquette prevailing as to calls and dinner-parties will not be out of place, and may be of service to some who are not acquainted with the latest ruling on this important subject:

The lady of the house should occupy a seat facing the door of the room, and then she is at once seen by the incomers, and is ready to receive them. Possibly, nay, probably, she will not be acquainted with many of the people who come to pay their devoir, but this must not make any difference in her manner of reception; she should rise from her seat and shake hands with all alike, both ladies and gentlemen. Bear this in mind, matrons, young and old, it is proper you should shake hands with every stranger who enters your house, whether as a caller or as an invited guest. I am urged to make this remark, because I see that some ladies receive strangers with a bow only, and the laws of hospitality require a warmer welcome to the house in the shape of an outstretched hand, and not merely a formal bend of the head. It is not customary to introduce persons to one another. If possible, arrange for the last-comers to sit beside you, and devote a little time to them, and then turn to the other occupants of the room, for courtesy demands that no feeling of neglect should have occasion to creep into the minds of any one present. When a visitor rises to take leave, the lady of the house also rises, and while addressing a few parting words, she rings the bell as a signal to the servant to be ready to open the door, for it is considered very discourteous to allow a visitor to open and shut the hall door. After having received calls, it is time to think of returning them. A first call should be returned within the space of a few days. From three to five are the correct calling hours. The duration of the first call should be short—about ten or fifteen minutes. It is quite permissible to speak to any one in the room without an introduction. When paying a formal call of this description, a card-case is taken, but it is not now usual to take cards from it while in the room. For instance, if your husband does not accompany you, but sends his cards, instead of giving them to the lady of the house, you leave two on the hall table—one being for the lady and the other for the gentleman of the house. After a while, when the calls have been made and paid, the newly-married couple receive invitations to dinner and other festivities. Wonderful to relate, the lady is not to consider what she is to wear, for the bridal costume is invariably donned on all such occasions, the only difference being that the veil is now used as a shawl. Remember, young matron, that you are the chief personage at all these entertainments. Even if you are still in your teens, you take precedence of older matrons. It is the bride whom the host takes into dinner; it is she to whom the hostess looks when rising from the dinner-table; it is she with whom the host opens the ball; it is she who must take her departure before the other guests venture to bid their adieu.

THERE is one noble means of avenging ourselves for unjust criticism; it is by doing still better, and silencing it solely by the increasing excellence of our work. This is the only true way of triumphing. But if, instead of this, you undertake to dispute, to defend, or to criticise by way of reprisal, you involve yourself in endless troubles and disquietudes, disturb all healthful tranquility, and waste in harrassing contest that precious time which you should consecrate to your regular duties.

FORGIVENESS.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

Like buds of spring,
Sweet words are born from darkness and despair,
And waft new fragrance through the sunny air;
Glad spirits sing.

Ah! ye who fought,
And nobly fought as warriors fit to die,
Shall ye the power of brotherhood defy,
By death untaught?

The right and wrong
Are buried with the dust of those who sleep
In the warm stillness of earth's bosom deep,
And life is strong.

Forgive! Forgive!
Thus sings the sunlight as it gently glides
Into each burdened heart that doubt divides—
Forgive and live!

O love divine!
Arise, arise, that souls may worship thee,
That souls may glorify thy name and see
Their strength in thine!

Eternal God!
Fill these great hearts with thine eternity;
Let union strew with flowers of liberty
The aching sod!

—*Noah's Sunday Times.*

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 58. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

Joshua had very little inclination to leave that best parlor of the Miss Weblings, although he had come to Penmoyle to see all his old friends. It was not to be supposed that he would waste two days of his earnest working life—a life in which leisure was almost unknown—upon an inquiry about the progress of that waif and stray he had picked up by the wayside. A letter would have served to make that inquiry. No, he had come to Penmoyle to see those brother Christians to whom he had preached justification by faith, a Savior's infinite atonement of all human sin, years ago; he had come to talk with those in whose hearts he had been the first to kindle religious fervor.

He left the Miss Weblings' parlor with some sense of effort, notwithstanding; a kind of apathy as to those old friends of his seemed to have stolen upon him since his arrival at Penmoyle. He desired nothing so much as to sit in that neatly-ordered room and hear Cynthia read, or hear her mistresses praise her. But the call of duty was paramount, so he took up his hat and went.

The simple-minded pastor lived in a four-roomed cottage next his chapel—a cottage neatly furnished, and beautified not a little by various offerings from the members of his church. An ancient widow, whose family and belongings were lost in the darkness of prehistoric Penmoyle, ministered to the good man's modest wants, and kept his habitation spotless, laboring at her mission with activity and industry which would have done credit to those younger servants who were known at Penmoyle as "bits of girls." This faithful house-keeper, neatly clad in a black gown, widow's cap, and muslin kerchief, opened the door to Joshua's knock. She had worn a widow's cap for the last forty years, and would have doubted her own identity had she seen herself in a glass with any other head-covering.

"Lor sakes," she exclaimed, with a low curtsy, "if it ain't Mr. Haggard!"

As the cottage door opened straight into the parlor, Mr. Martin, writing with laborious slowness at his table, heard the ejaculation, and rose hastily to welcome his guest, with a formal cordiality full of a certain old-fashioned dignity, as of one who had been accustomed all his life to be respected and to confer a favor by his kindness.

"And what has brought my good friend this way?" he asked. "Glad am I to see him once more beside my hearth. Go, get a mutton-chop or a steak, Martha, and cook it nicely for Mr. Haggard. I have a cask of cider from the same orchard as that you used to drink twenty years ago."

"You needn't trouble about the chop, Mrs. Hope. I have dined, my dear sir; but I shall be pleased to drink your health in a glass of that excellent cider before I leave you. I am thankful to see you looking hale and hearty."

"Ay," replied the old man, with a tremulous cheeriness, "Providence has been very good to me. Except for a little stiffness in my joints in winter time, and a slight uncertainty in my hearing, which I can hardly call deafness, I might easily forget that I am getting old. I can still enjoy the manifold beauties of God's earth, and my books;" glancing with pride at his neatly arranged library, guarded by the glass doors of an old-fashioned bookcase. "I can still employ my leisure hours in poetic musings, which, although perchance beneath the regard of finite man, are, I venture to hope, acceptable to an infinite God. Ah, my dearest friend, it is a strange and fearful blessing for the aged to be spared when Time's sickle mows down the youthful."

"That is a bright little creature over yonder," said Mr. Martin, with a nod in the direction of the Miss Weblings' domicile; "she has come to my class meetings regularly, and has made wonderful progress. I never met with a clearer mind. I do not say that it is deep, or that she is a being of lofty aspirations, like my sainted Elizabeth—"

"I am delighted to hear you speak so kindly of her," exclaimed Joshua. "You have heard, I daresay—"

"How you rescued her from the children of Belial? Yes, my good friend, she has told me of your kindness with tears. She has a grateful and a tender heart; she has a pleasant voice too, and sings our hymns sweetly. It was but last Sabbath that I was moved by hearing her sing the 'Land of Canaan.' There were tones which reminded me of that heavenly-minded girl, whose last hours—"

"And my poor little waif and stray has made spiritual progress?"

"Undoubtedly. I don't think you could ask her a question about the Israelites in the desert, or the building of Solomon's temple, that she would fail to answer correctly. And now, my good friend, tell me how long you are going to stay among us, and if you will give us one of your powerful discourses to-morrow. We are collecting funds for a new chapel, our present humble building being sorely inadequate. A sermon from you would insure a good collection."

Joshua declared his willingness to assist so worthy a cause; and, after half an hour's cheerful conversation, left his old friend to resume his gentle flirtation with the Nine, and went on to visit other acquaintances of the past.

Five o'clock found Mr. Haggard at the little green door, where Cynthia stood watching for him on the threshold, just as she had watched by the gate that afternoon.

"The tea's mashed," she said, brightly, "and the ladies told me to watch for you."

She darted back to the kitchen before he had time to reply, having the baking of certain rock-cakes, seedy and curranty, esteemed a delicacy in Penmoyle, on her mind. Mr. Haggard looked after her curiously, wondering at the difference between this light and airy form, just vanishing from his sight at the end of the passage, and the rotund and robust Sally who ministered to his wants at home. Yet both were of the same clay, he reminded himself, and the one as precious in the sight of her Maker as the other.

The sisters Webling, glorified by additional embellishment in the way of ear-droppers and brooches and buckles—but not in their Sunday gowns, *those* Mr. Haggard would see to-morrow—received the minister amidst the stately elegance of the best parlor. There was the silver teapot he knew so well, with its horn handle and little perforated basket dangling at the spout; there were the willow-pattern cups and saucers, and crisp home-baked bread, and slices of ham garnished with parsley, and three new-laid eggs in glass egg-cups, and a plate of strawberries—quite a collation.

"I hope you have brought us a good appetite, dear Mr. Haggard," said Priscilla.

"Indeed, Miss Priscilla, I am not accustomed to such luxuries. Our tea at home is a very plain meal. I was brought up to live plainly, and have brought up my children in the same way. But I have no doubt I shall do justice to your plenteous table."

Cynthia came in with the rock-cakes, and retired as soon as she had set them on the table, dropping her modest curtsy as she went out at the door.

Somehow, in spite of the strong tea, the new-laid eggs, the excellent ham which the hospitable sisters pressed upon him, in spite of that exalted appreciation of his own merits which breathed in every sentence spoken by these spinsters, the tea-drinking, protracted for an hour or more, seemed rather a weary business to Joshua. He found his thoughts wandering backward to the little red-floored kitchen, luminous in the rosy sunset, and the gracious figure of girlhood by the open casement. He found himself reflecting what a blessed thing it was to have rescued this wild weed, neglected by the roadside, and to find her blossoming so fair a flower, instead of listening, as he ought in common courtesy to have listened, to Deborah's account of one of her old scholars who had gone to America, and was on the high-road to a fortune, and who had avouched in a letter to his mother—a letter written on the other side of the broad Atlantic—that he should never have come to any good if the Miss Weblings had not taught him his multiplication-table.

"He was a dull boy," said Deborah. "Many's the time I've had to put the dunce's cap on him and stand him up on a form, though it went against me. And the trouble I had over his pot-hooks—there! it was really trying. But it's nice to think that he should remember and be grateful, so far away. It speaks well for human nature, you know," concluded Miss Webling, in a patronising tone, as if she belonged to a different species.

At half-past nine, quite a late hour for that feminine household, Joshua was invited to say an evening prayer; and Cynthia appeared at the tinkling of a small handbell which Priscilla held outside the door; and after the prayer, which was long and fervent, like all Joshua's prayers, and personal also, glancing at his blessed work in this lowly handmaiden's conversion from the paths of darkness and error, Cynthia was ordered to sing a hymn.

She stood before them with her hands meekly folded, and in a voice clear as a bird's, a bright silvery soprano, sang one of the favorite hymns of that particular sect—simple not unmelodious verses telling of the happy land beyond death's awful river—verses set to a tune that had a lively lilt in it, and was hardly so suggestive of devotion as one of Mozart's sacred numbers.

After the hymn Joshua was pressed to refresh himself once more with cowslip wine and seedy cake; and on refusing those luxuries, he was escorted, with a newly set candle and as much ceremony as a corkscrew or belfry staircase will admit, to his lavender-scented chamber, where the dimity draperies were starched to such a degree that they stood alone.

The midsummer moon looked in at him through the diamond panes of his casement as he laid himself down, a little tired after a twenty-mile walk and the various emotions of the day. What was this strange feeling, too sweet for pain, too thrilling for happiness, which swelled his breast? What this unknown rapture which moved him to tears?

"Thank God!" he ejaculated involuntarily, yet scarcely knew what new blessing that was which moved him to such thankfulness. He dared not question his own thoughts. He was like one awakened out of a trance who finds himself in a land where all things are strange. He sank to sleep with that vague mysterious happiness in mind and heart, feel asleep and dreamed that he had passed into that happier land on the farther side of the dark river, and that the first to give him greeting there was Cynthia with a face like an angel's.

CHAPTER X.

"OH, LET MY JOYS HAVE SOME ABIDING!"

Placid and happy, after its quiet fashion, was the Sabbath which followed. The scene of Joshua Haggard's life was so rarely shifted, that he may be pardoned by the hearth goddess for feeling a certain satisfaction in finding himself away from home. The novelty of Sunday at Penmoyle was pleasing. It was a relief not to receive exactly the same greetings he had received last Sunday; not to hear precisely the same speeches, accompanied by the same tones and looks and becks and nods, and even the same oratorical flourishes of a stout green-cotton umbrella or a neatly-polished oak sapling; and a relief per-

on, half coat, half cloak, with them wide hanging sleeves. We touched the sleeves on both sides, me and Knowles, with our arms and shoulders. There was one passenger besides. He sat opposite Knowles, and slept a good deal. Salter slept, too, or seemed to sleep. Well, sir, we had got well on in our journey, when, from some cause, the lamp went out. Soon after the train shot into a tunnel, and we were in utter darkness. Salter, apparently, was sleeping fast. A glimmer of light arose when we were half way through it, from some opening I suppose, and I saw the opposite passenger, as I thought, leaning out at the far window, the one next Knowles. The next minute there was a sound and a rush of air. Good heavens, he has fell out, I says to Knowles, and he—he had been asleep, too—rouses up and says, 'Why, the door's open!' Sir, when we got out of the tunnel, the rays of the bright lamp at its opening shone in, the opposite passenger was safe enough, his head nodding on his breast, but my prisoner was gone."

Karl caught up his breath; the tale excited him.

"How could it have been?" he exclaimed.

"The dickens knows. There was his thick rough coat against our arms, but his arms was out of it. How he had managed to slip 'em out and make no stir, and get off his seat to the door, I shall never guess. One thing is certain, he must have had a railway key hid about him somewhere and opened the door with it. He must have been opening it when I thought it was the passenger leaning out."

"What did you do?"

"We could do nothing, sir, except shout to arouse the guard. We did enough of that, but he never heard us. When the next station was reached, a deal of good time had been lost. We told what had occurred, and got the tunnel searched. That Salter would be found dead, everybody thought. Instead of that he was not found at all—not a trace of him."

"He must have received injuries," exclaimed Karl.

"I should say so," returned Grimley. "Injuries that perhaps he carries from that day to this."

Karl half started as he remembered the arm always in a sling.

Just for a single moment the temptation to denounce this man came over him, in spite of his wish and will. But only for the moment; he remembered the danger to his brother. Besides, he would not have betrayed Smith for the world.

"What age is Salter?" he suddenly asked.

"He must be about five-and-thirty now, sir. He was said to be three-and-thirty when it happened."

This was the first check. Smith must be quite forty.

"Did Salter look older than his years?" he asked.

"No, I think not. Ah, he was a cunning fox," continued Mr. Grimley, grating his teeth at the remembrance. "I have known since what it is to trust to the word and honor of a thief. Can you tell me where to find him, sir?" he suddenly cried after a pause. "To retake that man would be the most satisfactory piece of work I've got left to me in life."

"No, I cannot," replied Karl Wynne, gravely.

So the interview came to an end without much result, and Karl departed for his hotel, both Grimley and Mr. Burtenshaw remaining firmly persuaded in their own minds that this unknown gentleman, who did not give his name, possessed some clue or other to the criminal, Salter.

We must return for a few minutes to Foxwood Court. Miss Blake got back by an early afternoon train as she had intended, and found some visitors with Lady Wynne. It was old General Lloyd from Basham with two of his daughters. They were asking her to take luncheon with them on the morrow, and accompany them afterwards to the flower-show that was to be held at the Guildhall. Sir Karl and Miss Blake were included in the invitation.

Lucy promised. She seemed worn and weary with her solitude, and she loved flowers greatly. For Sir Karl she said she could not answer, he was in London for the day, but thought it likely he would be able to accompany her. Miss Blake left it an open question; St. Jerome's was paramount just now, and to-morrow was one of its festival days.

They dined alone, those two, Sir Karl not having returned for it.

"Did you know he was going to London?" asked Miss Blake.

"Yes," said Lucy; "he told me this morning. He had business with Plunket and Plunkett."

Miss Blake suddenly pushed her hair from her forehead as if it troubled her, and bit her lips to enforce them to silence.

After dinner Miss Blake went out. Tom Pepp, who was appointed bell-ringer to St. Serome's, in his intervals of work, had played truant at Matins in the morning and wanted looking up; so she went to do it. This bell was a new feature at St. Jerome's, and caused much talk. It was hung over the entrance door, communicating with a stout string inside: which string Tom Pepp had to pull—to his intense delight.

When Miss Blake got back, Lucy was still alone. The evening passed on, and Sir Kar did not come. Soon after nine o'clock a telegraphic dispatch arrived from him, addressed to Lady Wynne.

"I cannot get my business done, to-night, and must sleep in town. Shall be home to-morrow."

"I wonder what business it is that is detaining him?" spoke Lucy, mechanically, her thoughts wandering to her absent husband.

Theresa Blake was trembling to her fingers' ends. She flung down the dispatch after reading it, and flung after it a contemptuous word, quite startling Lady Wynne.

"I'll tell you, Lucy; I'll tell you because you ought to know it," she cried, scattering prudence to the winds in her righteous indignation; scattering even all consideration touching Jane Shore, the pillory, the white sheet, and the lighted taper. "The plea of business is good to assume. Sir Karl did not go to London alone this morning. That girl was with him."

"What girl?" faltered Lucy.

"She at the Maze. She with the angel face."

Lucy slightly shivered. For a moment she made no comment. Her face turned ghastly.

"Oh, Lucy, my dear, forgive me!" cried Miss Blake. "Perhaps I have been wrong to tell you; but I cannot bear that you should be so deceived. I went up to London myself this morning after some embroidery silks that I could not get at Basham. Sir Karl and she were in the same train. I saw them get out together at the terminus."

It was cruel to hear and to have to bear; but Lucy said never a word. Her tell-tale face had betrayed her emotion, but she would not let anything else betray it.

"Perhaps both happened to have business in London," she quietly said, when she could trust her voice to be steady. "I am sure Karl went up to go to Plunkett and Plunkett's."

And not another allusion did she make to it. Ringing for Hewitt, she calmly told him his master would not be home; and after that talked cheerfully to Theresa until the evening was over. Miss Blake wondered at her.

Calm before her and the world. But when she got upstairs and was alone in her chamber, then all the pent-up anguish broke forth. Her heart seemed breaking; her sense of wrong well-nigh overmastered her.

"And it was only on Saturday he vowed to me the sin was all of the past!" she cried. And she lay in torment through the live-long summer's night.

CHAPTER XX.

ONLY ONE FLY AT THE STATION.

The railway station at Basham seemed to be never free from bustle. Besides pertaining to Basham proper, it was the junction for other places. Various lines crossed each other; empty carriages and trolleys of coal stood near; porters and others were always running about.

Four o'clock on the Tuesday afternoon, and the train momentarily expected in from London. A few people had collected on the platform; waiting for friends who were coming by it, or else intending to go on by it themselves. Amidst them was a young and lovely lady, who attracted some attention. Strangers wondered who she was; one or two knew her for the lady of Foxwood Court, wife of Sir Karl Wynne.

There had been a flower-show at Basham that day: and Lady Wynne, as may be remembered, had promised to attend it with the family of General Lloyd, taking luncheon with them first. But when the morning came, she heartily wished she had not made the engagement. Sir Karl had not returned to accompany her. Miss Blake declared that she could not spare the time for it; for it happened to be a Saint's Day, and services prevailed at St. Jerome's. Another check arose: news was brought in from the coachman that one of the horses had been slightly hurt in shoeing, and the carriage could not be used that day. Upon that, Lady Wynne said she must go by the train: for it would never have occurred to her to break her promise.

"I think, Theresa, you might manage to go with me," she said.

Miss Blake, calculating her hours, found she had two or three to spare in the middle of the day, and agreed: provided she might be allowed to leave Mrs. Lloyd's when luncheon was over and not be expected to go to the town-hall.

"You will only be alone in returning for just the few minutes that you are in the train, Lucy," she said. "The Lloyds will see you into it, and Hewitt can have a fly waiting for you at Foxwood Station."

This programme had been carried out: and here was Lucy waiting for the four o'clock train at Basham, surrounded by General Lloyd and part of his family.

It came steaming slowly in. Adieux were interchanged, and Lucy was put into what is called the lady's carriage. Only one lady was in it besides herself; some one traveling from London. They looked at each other with some curiosity, sitting face to face. It was but natural; both were young, both were beautiful.

"What lovely hair! and what charming blue eyes! and what a bright, delicate complexion!" thought Lucy. "I wonder who she is."

"I have never in all my life seen so sweet a face!" thought the other traveler. "Her eyes are beautiful: and there's a loving sadness in them. And what a handsome dress!—what style altogether!"

Lucy's dress was a rich silk, pearl gray in color; her bonnet white; her small parasol was gray, covered with lace, its handle of carved ivory. She looked not unlike a bride. The other wore black silk, a straw bonnet, and black lace veil, thickly studded with spots; which veil she had put back as if for air, just after quitting Basham; and she had with her several small parcels. Why or wherefore neither of them knew, but each felt instinctively attracted by the appearance of the other.

They were nearing Foxwood Station—it was but about eight minutes' distance from Basham—when Lucy, in moving her position, happened to throw down a reticule bag which had lain beside her. Both of them stooped to pick it up.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I ought to have moved it when you got in," said the stranger, placing it amidst her parcels. And Lucy, on her part, begged pardon for having thrown it down.

It served to break the ice of reserve: and for the next remaining minute or two they talked together. By the stranger beginning to gather together her parcels, Lucy saw she was preparing to get out at Foxwood.

"Are you about to make a stay in this neighborhood?"

"For the present."

"It is a very charming spot. We hear the nightingales every evening."

"You are staying in it too, then?"

"Yes. It is my home."

The train came to a standstill and they got out. Foxwood Station, after the manner of some other small rural stations, had its few buildings of one side only: the other was open to the high road, and to the fields beyond. In this road, drawn up close to the station was a waiting fly, its door already open. The stranger carrying some of her parcels went straight up to it, supposing it was there for hire.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the driver, "this here fly's engaged."

She seemed vexed, disappointed: and looked up at him.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

Lucy was standing close by and heard.

"It's brought here, ma'am, for the Lady Wynne."

"For whom?" she cried, her voice turning to sharpness with its haste; her face, through her veil, changing to a ghastly white.

The driver stared at her: he thought it was all temper. Lucy looked too, unable to understand, and slightly colored.

"For whom did you say the fly was brought?" the lady repeated.

"For Lady Wynne, of Foxwood Court."

"Oh, I—I misunderstood," she said, her voice dropping, her look becoming suddenly timid as a hare's; and in turning away with a sudden movement, she found herself face to face with Lucy. At the same moment, a tall footman, with a powdered head—who had strayed away in search of amusement and had strayed a little too far—came bustling up.

"This is your fly, my lady."

By which the stranger knew that the elegant girl she had traveled with and whose sweet face was then close to her own, was the young Lady Wynne. Her own face flushed again.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said. "I did not know you were Sir Karl Wynne's wife. The fly, I thought, was only there for hire."

Before Lucy could make any answer, she had disappeared from the spot, and was giving some of her parcels to a porter. Lucy followed.

"Can I offer to set you down anywhere? The fly is certainly waiting for me, but—there is plenty of room."

"Oh, thank you, no. You are very tired: but—no! I can walk quite well. I am obliged to you all the same."

The refusal was spoken very emphatically; especially the last No. Without turning again, she walked rapidly away from the station, the porter carrying her parcels.

"I wonder who she is?" murmured Lucy aloud, looking back as she was about to enter the fly, her powdered servant standing to bow her in. For she saw that there was no luggage, save those small parcels, and was feeling somewhat puzzled.

"It is Mrs. Grey, my lady; she who lives at the Maze."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A BABY!

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT!

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

"A baby! Left on our doorstep, too! Who dared do such a thing as to leave a baby here!"

These were the exclamations of Mrs. John Morton, one cold morning, as the servant girl bounded into the dining-room with a bundle in her arms, and made the announcement that a baby had been left on the stoop. Of all the bundles that had ever been left at John Morton's house, this was the most unlooked for and most unwelcome.

"You see, ma'am," said Bridget, "I went out to get the morning paper and to sweep off the stoop, and I sees this bundle lying on the mat. I went to lift it in my arms, and it began to move, and says I to myself, 'What can it be?' and when I opened the shawl I sees a baby!"

"What will we do with it?" said Mrs. Morton.

"Send it to the police station at once," replied her husband. "Here, Michael," continued he, "take this child to the station, and tell them it was left on our stoop."

"Let me look at it first," said Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Morton's mother, as she arose from the breakfast table and approached the childless couple, who were already bending over the little waif. As the old shawl was thrown off from the babe, like Moses in the bulrushes, "Behold it wept."

"It is hungry," said Mrs. Allison. "How thin its little arms and hands are. It looks as if it was nearly starved. Let us feed it before we send it away."

Bridget had been a child's nurse; she had already prepared some food, and was bringing it to the dining-room. "I ran through the yard, ma'am, and got Mrs. Worthington's baby's bottle, and she is coming right over to see."

The baby took its nourishment eagerly, and then fell asleep.

"It's garments are very clean, although very poor," said Mrs. Allison, as she began to examine the little one's wrappings.

"Yes, and we don't know anything about the blood," said Mr. Morton. "I think a great deal of the blood. One wants to know what sort and quality he takes across his threshold."

"As to the sort," replied Mrs. Allison, in a low tone of voice, "it is one of those whom Christ took into His arms and blessed, notwithstanding the rebukes of his Disciples—and as to the quality, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Well," said Mr. Morton, "you women must do what you think best. The car is coming, and I must go down town. Michael can take it anywhere you conclude to send it. There is a Home for the Friendless, an orphan asylum, and a half-dozen other charitable institutions, where they take such things."

As Mr. Morton passed out of the door he encountered a number of ladies in their morning wrappers rushing in to get a glimpse of the wonderful arrival. The gentleman jumped on the platform of the car with only a hurried "good-morning," lest he should be overwhelmed with such questions as "What will you do with it?" "Who on earth put it there?" etc.

"Well, really," exclaimed Mrs. Montague, as she went into the dining-room, "you are in trouble enough. I'm so glad it was'nt left at our house," and the pretty little woman shrugged her shoulders as she bent over the little sleeper now lying on the sofa. "I would not keep it a minute: the longer you keep it the harder it will be to get rid of it."

"What will they do with it?" asked Mrs. Turner, of any one who might choose to answer such a difficult question. "Mrs. Morton could not take care of it, because she is not used to children."

"Oh, no, indeed," said bustling Mrs. Worthington. "I've had four children, and know what it is to take care of them. To be sure, I've always had a nurse for each child, and never slept with one a night. You know my nervous system would not admit of my having the care of them. I love them dearly, but my nerves are too weak to have them with me much of the time; but I see that they have good nurses, and I can't help the rest."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hartwell, who hadn't any children, and hoped she never would have, "you have been married ten years, Mrs. Morton, and you are such a nice housekeeper and so precise in your living that a baby would turn everything topsy-turvey, and you would have to work across the grain all the rest of your life. I never could take other people's children."

"What will they do with it, Mrs. Allison?" said another lady who had stood by silent, and always concurred in everybody's opinion. The mother of thirty years ago was this good old lady. She had brought up six children in the days when mothers were old-fashioned; she never had a nurse for one of them. Her own hands made all their little garments, and her nerves were firm enough to bear all their childhood grievances, and to adjust all their young hearts' troubles and differences. She had heard this conversation, and her good, warm, motherly heart felt troubled.

What could she answer? If it had been years ago she would have taken the little waif into her own nest and made it welcome, and called it her own. But she would not advise her daughter; she must act according to the dictates of her own conscience. Mrs. Allison was too old to share much in the care, though she would gladly do what she could if baby stayed.

The ladies discussed the question at home, in each other's houses, and down town shopping. Meanwhile baby slept on, slept on as sweetly as if in its own home, with a loving mother watching over it. "He giveth His beloved sleep." The Father was watching with loving eyes over the little one whom nobody owned, staying where it was so unwelcome.

"Mother," said Mrs. Morton, after the ladies had gone out, "what shall we do with it? Do you think that it is our duty to keep this baby?"

"My daughter," she replied, "have you no misgivings about sending it away? It is one of Christ's little ones. 'Feed my lambs,'" she continued, as she left the room to ask God what they should do with it.

After Mrs. Allison left the room Mrs. Morton was left to her own thoughts. To take a baby was a serious matter. She had often been asked to adopt a child, but she had always said that she never would do it—but this had been sent in such a strange manner. She began to weigh the fors and againsts about keeping it. The against scale seemed to go down a great deal further than the other. John would not want the additional expense of hiring a nurse; if bady stayed, she would have to take care of it herself. This would debar her from so many pleasures she had enjoyed. But is it right to live only for ourselves? Did not the Master command us to work in His vineyard? and if she sent baby away, would He not say to her, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

Mr. Morton came home earlier than usual that night. He found baby still there. He did not seem much surprised; he, too, had been pondering all day whether it was right to send baby away. At all events they would not send it away that night, and when morning came the decision had been made. Baby was to stay. They named her Faith, because they trusted the Father that He had sent her for good, and not for evil.

For days the neighbors in the block could hear the ceaseless music of Mrs. Morton's sewing machine, and if they had looked in they would have seen numerous garments of soft muslin and warm flannel under process of completion into sundry little garments. Some of the ladies said Mrs. Morton did not know what a piece of nonsense she had undertaken; others that she was so foolish to confine herself at home so much taking care of somebody else's baby, whom nobody knew anything about.

Baby did bring a great deal of care with it, more than Mr. or Mrs. Morton had any idea of, but they never said or felt that they regretted the steps they had taken. There were so many stitches to take for baby that Mrs. Morton had to take a great many less for herself, and garments that used to be trimmed and embellished, had to go almost plain; but what matter. There are no ruffles and puffs on the white robes up there. Christ's robes were without even a seam. There were many wakeful nights and wearisome days, but God sent so much love with the little one, and so much additional strength, that what others called a burden was a blessing to them. It led them heavenward, for it made them less selfish, less worldly, and they had the happiness in their hearts which comes of working for the Master.

When the little voice first uttered "papa," Mr. Morton thought that baby was very forward, and Mrs. Allison smiled over the little red and white stocking she was knitting, when he asked if babies as a general thing were so cunning and pretty.

Years went on. Faith Morton's babyhood and childhood passed away. Those that knew of the circumstances of her early babyhood had forgotten it, and those who had never heard of it supposed that she was Mr. Morton's own child. She had been the child of prayer and religious training, and when girlhood came she was a devoted Christian. Beautiful in person and heart, she was beloved by all the wide circle of friends who gathered around her, and not only by them, but by the many whom she sought out from the poor, and befriended. The wedding-day came, and Faith, clad in her bridal robes, was more beautiful and loving in her father's and mother's eyes than ever before. After the bridal party had passed into the church, a woman, clad in rusty black, followed on and stood in the aisle. Those who saw her weep, wondered why she wept. What had she to do with the bridal party? When the guests had left Mr. Morton's house, and the bride and groom had gone to their own homes, the door-bell rang, and this woman was ushered into the presence of the lonely father and mother.

"Now that she is gone, I can tell you all," she said. "That was my child. I left it on your doorstep that cold morning long ago. I was a widow with six children. I worked hard from morning until night, and far into the night oftentimes, to get them food and clothes. Sickness was coming upon me, and that day we were to be carried to the poor-house. That baby was his pet. She seemed someway better than the rest. What should I do with it? Something whispered to carry it to you. Nobody but God knows what it cost me to give it up. I got up before daybreak, and while the children were asleep, and wrapping my darling up in the only warm garment I had left, took it and laid it on your stoop. I watched until I saw it taken in, and then I felt you would keep it. God only knows what you kept that child from; but you will have your reward when you go home to your Father's house. I have often been here to look upon my child, but shall never come again, I shall never make myself known to her."

The woman in black was gone, and the rest of the story forever remained a mystery.

As old age crept on, the two hearts that had sheltered the homeless child so long began to feel their loneliness more keenly. After a few years they went to their daughter's home, and when they went to their reward, it was from the loving arms of Faith, whose husband and little children wept for them. "And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

THE MINUET.

The Centennial celebration has brought many old-fashioned things into vogue again. Among others, the minuet—but it is as much out of place in a modern ball-room as a mail-coach would be on a modern railroad. Its time has gone by, never to return. It belonged to that period when it was the fashion to make haste slowly. Even in the past it was considered the most trying dance that could be attempted, and those who succeeded in it were regarded as having won their right to figure among the happy ones upon whom the fairies had bestowed that wonderful gift of grace. It required, too, a thorough knowledge of dancing, that was quite another thing from the languid, lazy shuffling that passes current for it in our elegant saloons. Every motion of the hand, of the head, of the arm, of the body, was subjugated to the laws of grace, and a courtly dignity swayed the whole person. The breeding and education of ladies and gentlemen were gauged by their proficiency in the *minuet de la cour*.

When a belle of the period "came out," great was the anxiety of her friends and relatives concerning the success with which she would pass through the ordeal of the minuet. The critical and jealous eye of society were upon her. If she failed, feminine society's nose was turned up at her; if she succeeded, masculine society's heart was laid delightedly at her feet. The old novels, of delicious memory, are filled with allusions to this trying dance. As nowadays novelists mention horsemanship and kindred accomplishments among the perfections of their heroines, so, in the past, every heroine of fiction was lauded for her skill and grace in the minuet. It was a trying performance, not to be lightly attempted or lightly underrated.

Now every tyro learns to dance the famous minuet, and dances it on all occasions, without fear of consequences. As for grace—well, awkwardness is the rule, grace being left to some happy combination of chances. But elbows pinned to the sides, body held stiffly upright, feet scraping the floor, and the head remaining immovable, though characteristic of the modern minuet, would not have been tolerated in the olden time.

The dress of our day is, however, fatal to a complete revival of the dance in its stately beauty. The pin-back effectually prevents the lady from stepping out, and from using her feet with any ease of motion. An ample hoop and skirts of no scanty width are necessary, and, after this, a knowledge of how to raise the feet and put them down again may be learned, if the learner be ambitious and enthusiastic.

PRO AND CON TOBACCO.

Famous old Burton, author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," says of tobacco: "Tobacco, divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco! which goes far beyond all their potable gold and philosophers' stones—a sovereign remedy to all diseases. A good vomit, I confess; a vertuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used; but as it is commonly abused by most men, who take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, devilish tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul."

Dr. J. Taylor, F. S. A., in a letter in the *Lancet*, says: "To the growing delicate youth of large towns, whose days are passed in the confined air of country house, and whose muscles are imperfectly developed, the baneful effects of tobacco exhibit such fearful manifestations, that were it not for the dress, it would be difficult to determine, in many instances, to which sex the individual belongs. The smoking youth of the present day exhibits a slothfulness, want of energy, an indifference, a slowness of action in his business habits quite inconsistent with energies at this period of adolescence; and there is also a corresponding condition of the mental faculties—witness the frivolities, the light, undignified reading of the present day, and the alarming passion for fraudulently obtaining and squandering money."

UNLIMITED REMEDIAL RESOURCES

People sometimes suppose that Dr Pierce's Family Medicines represent the entire extent of his resources for curing disease. This is an error. Experience proved that while the Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription, Pleasant Purgative Pellets, Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, would, if faithfully used, cure a large variety of chronic complaints, there would be here and there a case which, from its severity, or from its complication with other disorders, would resist their action. These exceptional cases required a thorough examination into their symptoms, to ascertain the exact nature and extent of the disease or diseases under which the patient was laboring, and the use of specific remedies to meet and overcome the same. This led to the establishment of the World's Dispensary, at Buffalo, N. Y., with its Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, each of whom is skilled in the treatment of chronic disorders in general and those belonging to his own special department in particular. To one is assigned diseases of the throat and lungs; to another, diseases of the kidneys and urogenital organs; to another, diseases of the digestive system; to another, diseases of the nervous system; and to another, diseases of the eye and ear. Thus the highest degree of perfection in medicine and surgery is attained. The establishment of this institution enables the Doctor to meet a long-felt want in the treatment of the more severe chronic affections. By a careful consideration of the symptoms as given in writing, he successfully treats thousands of cases at their homes. Others visit the Dispensary in person. The amplest resources for the treatment of lingering affections are thus placed at the disposal of every patient, and those on whom the proprietary medicines do not have the desired effect can procure a more thorough and efficient course by a personal application to the proprietor of the World's Dispensary.

THAT man only is truly brave who fears nothing so much as committing a mean action, and undauntedly fulfils his duty, whatever be the danger which impede his way.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—It is said that a Philadelphia saloon-keeper has engaged a million rye straws for the Centennial times. Such straws show which way the wind blows.

—A case of French goods for the Centennial exhibition, which it was necessary to keep dry, was inscribed, "Please beware for it of the humidity."

—Wanted at this office, about four bushels of poems on Spring. Our office boy, who sells the waste paper, wants to raise money to visit the Centennial.

—Prussia must be a paradise in one respect—It has but one lawyer to each twelve thousand inhabitants. In this unfortunate country, we have one lawyer to every twevle inhabitants.

—A St. Louis girl, who was married recently, made her husband give her, previous to the ceremony, a written promise that he would take her to Philadelphia and reside there with her during the Centennial.

—The number of cases of snake-bite reported in the lower provinces of India and in Assam during the years 1873-74 was 4,202, of which 3,565 were fatal. Nearly one half of the cases occurred during sleep, and the proportion of women bitten was greater than of men.

—A gentleman having an appointment with another who was habitually unpunctual, to his great surprise, found him waiting. He thus addressed him: "Why, I see you are here first at last. You were always behind before; but I am glad to see you have become early of late."

—The rapid and emphatic recital of the following is said to be a certain cure for lisping: Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs robs Snobbs and robs Nobbs' fobs. "This is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobbs' jobs," and Snobbs sobs.

—Mr. Sims Reeves having been asked to act as referee at a musical bee, to be conducted on the plan of a spelling bee, sent the following pithy reply: "I look upon spelling bees as an amusement for idiots, and beg leave to decline having anything to do with the one in question, or any other."

—The enthusiastic choir-master who adopted "Hold the Fort" as a processional has been dismissed by the rector. He considered it personal when the chorister burst forth in this manner:

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on."

—Edmund Yates always dictates his novels, and has for his amanuensis an exceedingly grave and unimaginative man. On one occasion, when about to begin his day's work, Mr. Yates inquired, "Where did we leave off?" "Where we were pressing her lips, sir;" replied the secretary, in a matter-of-fact way.

—General Washington, who could not tell a lie, once told a young lady that onions boiled in molasses was a certain cure for a cold. If any of our young ladies wish to test the remedy, they should give their young men timely notice, so they can stay away that night—unless they have one or two "off" nights in the week.

—Any woman can parade her grief by wearing a becoming black bonnet, dress, etc., but the conscientious mourner will after this wear black corsets as well. This beautiful custom signifies a hidden sorrow, and is regarded with a great deal of melancholy favor by the most fashionable modistes in New York.

—Seven-eighths of the tradesmen in London are opposed to the enlargment of the Queen's title, as it would necessitate the enlargement of their old signs or the purchase of new ones. The man who is "Shirt maker to her Majesty, the Queen," would have to get an extension to his sign to accommodate the recent addition of "and Empress of India."

—At the post office exhibit window, in New London, are two postal cards, one of which reads, "Polly, why don't you answer my letter?" and the other, "Polly, am I forgotten?" These two conundrums are plainly answered by turning the cards over and observing that they are without directions of any description, and all this while, says the *Norwich Bulletin*, Polly is pining for those very conundrums.

—Celia Logan knows of a Washington lady, a very excellent manager in point of toilette, who received this winter three different invitations to balls. She has had but one ball dress, a beautiful white crepe, brought here from China by a sailor brother. Go to these balls in the same dress she would not, and she could not talk papa into buying anything new; so she wore the white crepe to the first ball, had it dyed pink for the second, and had the dye extracted and the dress re-dyed blue for the third, and all for the few dollars her father gave her for gloves, fan, etc. If she receives another invitation to a party, she says she will have the blue dye taken out and have it white again.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

RECEIPTS.

A FEW drops of kreosote on brown paper, put in the holes of rats, it is said, will drive them away.

NAILS GROWING INTO THE FLESH.—Cut a notch in the middle of the nail every time the nail is pared. The disposition to close the notch draws the nail up from the sides.

AN eminent physician of Chicago says he cures ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred cases of scarlet fever, by giving the patient warm lemonade with gum arabic dissolved in it. A cloth wrung out in hot water and laid upon the stomach should be removed as rapidly as it becomes cool.

TO make a good black writing ink, take of bruised nut-galls three ounces; gum arabic, six drachms; sulphate of iron, six drachms; logwood, five ounces; rain water, three pints. Macerate for one month, and strain for use. A few drops of carbolic acid added will prevent its turning mouldy.

CROUP may be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. To effect the cure, take a knife or grater, and shave off, in small particles, about a teaspoonful of alum, and then mix it with about twice its quantity of sugar, to make it palatable. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

HEART DISEASE.—To the question whether there is anything that will cure heart disease, the *Science of Health* answers: It can be cured in its early stage, by the adoption of a strictly hygienic regimen. In its latter stages it is incurable. But nine-tenths of the cases of supposed heart disease are merely derangements of the digestive organs, producing palpitation, throbbing, intermissions, and other forms of abnormal pulsation.

LEMONADE FOR AN INVALID.—This is too often made by simply squeezing a lemon into a tumbler, picking the pips out with a spoon, and then adding sugar and cold water. The best method of making lemonade is to peel the lemons, or otherwise the lemonade will be bitter; cut them into slices, taking away the pips, and then pouring boiling water on the slices, adding, of course, sufficient sugar to sweeten. This, after being well stirred and the pulp pressed with a spoon, must be carefully strained through a piece of fine muslin, and allowed to get cold. When cold, a piece of ice is a great improvement. Cold, weak lemonade made this way, if not too sweet, is one of the most refreshing drinks possible for hot weather; and in cases where there is a tendency to take fluid too often—a tendency, we fear, rather of the age in which we live—a large jug of lemonade, made in the manner we have described, will often prove a harmless substitute for a glass of sherry, or a drop of cold brandy and water, or a glass of beer, as the case may be.

A True Woman.

IT is the duty of every true woman to look as beautiful as she can. It is her duty to brighten and gladden the world with her loveliness. If nature has denied them this power, it can be remedied by the use of a perfectly harmless beautifier of the skin, known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" which will remove all discolorations, tan, freckles, sunburn, and other cutaneous diseases from the skin, leaving it delicate, soft, smooth, clear, and perfectly beautiful. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Depot, 5 Gold street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

Saturday Evening, May 27, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—182 *Clark St.*,
The Subscription News Co.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
C. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—86 *Duane St.*,
Root & Tinker, Managers.
St. Louis—722 *North Fourth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—523 *Richmond St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.
Baltimore—122 *W. Baltimore St.*,
Henry M. Rich, Manager.

NOTICE *is hereby given that the undersigned have this day sold, assigned, transferred and set over all their right, title and interest in and to the* SATURDAY EVENING POST *unto Messrs.* BENNETT & FITCH, *who will from and after this date continue the publication of the same.*

JOSEPH P. REED and
CHARLES J. WICKERSHAM,
as Reed, Wickersham & Co.
April 24, 1876.

GEORGE C. BENNETT *and* WILLIAM A FITCH *have this day formed a copartnership under the firm name of* BENNETT & FITCH, *and will continue the publication of the* SATURDAY EVENING POST *at* 726 *Sansom St., Philadelphia.*

GEORGE C. BENNETT.
WM. A. FITCH.

A BOW TO THE READER.

The new proprietors take control of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, inspired with the feeling that their best efforts will be worthily put forth in maintaining and elevating the position it has attained by a successful career of more than half a century.

We read and valued this paper in boyhood, and now begin the new enterprise with a love for the work fostered by more than twenty years active connection with the press.

Improvements are contemplated which will announce themselves as they appear. Promises are so cheap we offer none, and so invite no disappointment, except the pleasant one of giving to the readers more than was promised.

The aim of this journal is to entertain and instruct—to make life brighter and sweeter by proper culture of the imagination, the intellect and the social nature, in all kindliness, truth and purity.

Our Platform.—Make the best paper possible.

Our Politics.—Vote according to your convictions.

Our Religion.—Try to make people happy.

Our Denomination.—Bennett & Fitch.

Finally—at the outset we crave your hearty friendship; with this, work will be easy, and its reward constant. Shake hands!!!

WHAT OTHER PAPERS SAY.

Brooklynites Embarking in Philadelphia Journalism.

Hon. George C. Bennett and Mr. Wm. A. Fitch have purchased and taken possession of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, an illustrated weekly, published in Philadelphia, and, according to its title, "the oldest literary and family paper in the United States," having been founded in 1821. Mr. Bennett is, of course, well known to the readers of the Brooklyn *Times*, being the founder of this paper. Mr. Fitch, a resident of the Twenty-Fifth Ward, may be remembered by our older readers as at one time Principal of Public School No. 3, now No. 18, which position he resigned some sixteen years ago to enter the field of journalism. He was for many years connected with the *American Agriculturist*, his more recent and present service being on the New York *Sun*. Mr. Fitch is a versatile and clever writer, as a reference to the files of this paper running back from eighteen to twenty-five years will show. He is also possessed of indomitable energy, great discernment and strict integrity.

The POST is a paying property, has a large circulation, and stands in the highest repute. It has agents in Chicago, Pittsburgh, Boston, New York, St. Louis and Canada. With abundant capital, and a management that will be equal to all emergencies, the career of the POST must be onward. The occurrence of the Centennial Exhibition at this particular period would seem to be a propitious circumstance, and to open a new and advantageous field for our friends to operate in, as millions will visit Philadelphia, and other millions will want to know what is going on there.

The paper will be published under the firm name of Bennett & Fitch, Mr. Orlando Bennett, eldest son of the senior partner, representing his father at the office in the Quaker City. Young Mr. B., who has been connected with the *Times* for several years past, and who is a young man of sterling integrity and excellent judgment, started for his new field of operations yesterday.

It may be regarded as a coincidence that the first paper with which Mr. Bennett was ever connected was named *The Post*, started in Williamsburg in 1847. With this little journal he remained precisely one year, leaving it while it was yet redolent with life to start the *Times*.

—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Daily Times.*

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST."

This is the title of a Philadelphia newspaper recently purchased by two Brooklynites. Mr. George C. Bennett, formerly proprietor of the Eastern District *Times*, with which he severed his connection about a year since, has again engaged in a newspaper enterprise. His new field of operations is Philadelphia, where he has interested himself with Mr. Wm. A. Fitch in the publication of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, said to be "the oldest literary paper in America." As Mr. Bennett will retain his residence in Brooklyn, he has intrusted his interest in the concern to his eldest son, Mr. Orlando Bennett, who has enjoyed advantages with the *Times* for several years past that gave the requisite experience for the additional responsibilities he has assumed.

—*Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.*

LITERARY.

Messrs. George C. Bennett and William A. Fitch, of Brooklyn, have bought the SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, the oldest family literary journal in the United States, which has held its place for many years in a quiet way against younger journals of the same class. Mr. Bennett was the founder of the Brooklyn *Times*, and Mr. Fitch has been connected for years with the business concerns of journalism.

—*New York Evening Post.*

OLD HANDS ON AN OLD JOURNAL.

Ex-Assemblyman George C. Bennett, the founder and for twenty-seven years publisher of the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, and Mr. W. A. Fitch, for many years with the *American Agriculturist*, have bought the SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, which is now hale and vigorous in its fifty-fifth year of publication. With the capital, enterprise and experience here combined, large success seems assured.—*New York Telegram.*

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XVIII.

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

The eventful year 1781 opened with an insurrection among some Pennsylvania troops of the line, consisting of six regiments encamped near Morristown, New Jersey. Having, many of them, received no pay for months and sadly in need of proper food and clothing, the condition of these soldiers was pitiable, and although General Wayne, the officer in command, took prompt measures to quell this revolt, he finds no words of blame for them. They declared their intention of marching on to Philadelphia and either compelling Congress to pay them, or of putting an end to the sessions of that body. Although these Pennsylvania troops persevered in their avowed line of action, showing that their threats were no idle boasts, they stoutly refused all seductive offers made by Clinton's emissaries, who at this juncture appeared with tempting bribes. At Princeton the insurgents were met by President Reed, with propositions of so satisfactory a nature that they returned to their allegiance, and delivered up Clinton's messengers, who were shortly hanged.

New Jersey attempted to follow the bad example of Pennsylvania; but these mutineers, being less formidable in number, were dealt with in a more summary manner by Washington, who hastened from his post at New Winsor, and by his prompt and just measures put an end to further revolts.

It should be remembered in justice to these soldiers, hardly pressed for the bare necessaries of life, that, notwithstanding Clinton's tempting offers, there was not an Arnold found in the camp of either Pennsylvania or New Jersey.

This same month, January, 1781, Benedict Arnold led a marauding party of sixteen hundred into Virginia, to lay waste the country on the Chesapeake and the James river. The plan of the British was, after Arnold had subjugated the State, to effect a union between his forces and those of Phillips from New York, which combined force was to be met by Cornwallis, thence to proceed *en masse* southward, carrying all before them.

Although this expedition of Arnold's caused great misery in Virginia, it did not effect as much for the cause as had been anticipated; in the meantime, Cornwallis had met more than his match, in the South, in General Greene, appointed Gates' successor after the disastrous rout of the Americans at Camden. This defeat was, in a measure, retrieved by the brilliant affair of King's Mountain, where a number of backwoodsmen, under Shelby Sevier and other gallant partizan leaders, gained a signal victory over Ferguson, an active loyalist, at the head of about one thousand Tories.

When Washington appointed Major-General Nathaniel Greene, one of his favorite generals, to the command of the army of the South, that appointment was approved by Congress, and "all the troops raised and to be raised," from "Delaware to Georgia inclusive," were placed under his control. Baron Steuben was also assigned to this department, Greene vesting in him the military command of Virginia, of which State Thomas Jefferson was governor, and whom Greene now met for the first time. During this journey to Charlotte, he stopped over night at Mount Vernon, to which "earthly paradise" he was hospitably welcomed by Mrs. Washington.

Of the noble and generous manner in which General Greene treated his predecessor we have already spoken; but of the magnitude of the work which he was about to undertake, covering so large a field, against an enemy flushed with recent victory, the supplies chiefly to be drawn from Virginia and far from sufficient, we can form no adequate conception. It is not strange that Greene, about this time, wrote, "I find the difficulties of subsisting an army far beyond all anticipation," yet, appreciating as he seems to have done all the difficulties of the situation, his hope and courage never flagged!

Morgan, who had distinguished himself at Quebec and Saratoga, Otho Williams, Colonel Washington, and other officers of distinction, were with Greene at this time. They were all encouraged by the arrival from Virginia of Colonel Lee, with a fine band of three hundred men, horse and foot, and of Colonel Greene, with four hundred recruits; one thousand more men had been raised in Virginia, but as their clothing was only suitable for summer wear they could not be sent into the field until spring.

Without entering into a detailed recital of the movements of these two armies, it is impossible to properly set forth the difficulties of this intricate Southern campaign, whose marches, counter-marches, advances and retreats would, if drawn, spread a net-work of lines over the map of Carolina.

Reading the history of its

—"most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field
Of hair-breath 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,"

we are filled with wonder and admiration, for on both sides were displayed infinite address, courage and prowess.

Washington's reliance in the integrity and ability of the officer in whom he had rested so much authority was perfect, and we are more and more impressed with the happiness of his choice. Greene's talents displayed themselves in the skilful organization of his army, in the fertility of his resources, and in the harmonious combination of the strangely assorted elements of his command, so that partizan leaders, regular army officers and militia colonels moved in unison; never jostling, never jarring. There was entire unanimity between Greene and his superior officer, in turn he was beloved by his command, and as no petty jealousies marred the high serenity of his own character, we read of few rivalries among his officers.

After establishing himself at Cheraw, near the Pedee, Greene resolved upon the bold step of dividing his command. Half his troops, under Morgan, were sent to put down the Tories in the west; these encountered the British light troops, under Tarleton, at Cowpens, where a signal victory was gained and 500 prisoners taken by the Americans, January 17th, 1781. On the 24th Morgan reached the camp on the Pedee with his welcome tidings of victory. There was brief respite for rejoicing, however, as Cornwallis was in rapid pursuit, and the patriot army, with its inferior numbers and miserable equipments not daring to give battle, prudently retreated into Virginia. Hither, fearing the well-known abilities of Arnold, Washington despatched a fleet and landed a force to co-operate against him, the latter being under Lafayette's command.

At Petersburg Cornwallis was reinforced, his object being to strike a blow at Lafayette. Drawn on to make an attack by the misrepresentations of some stragglers, Wayne and the Marquis found themselves suddenly opposed to the whole British army. Deceived with regard to the enemy's numbers by the valor and impetuosity of General Wayne's attack, Cornwallis forbade a pursuit, and thus contrary to his boast, "the boy," Lafayette, escaped him.

The reverses of the Americans at Guilford Court House and Hobkirk's Hill were succeeded, in turn, by successes in South Carolina, which led to a restoration of a large portion of that State to the patriots.

About this time news reached headquarters of the advance of a powerful French fleet under Count de Grasse, part of which was to be sent to Newport to relieve the troops there under Rochambeau.

There was some talk of a concerted attack upon New York after a conference between Washington and Rochambeau; but this was finally relinquished in favor of a more southern campaign, although the army was allowed to consider *that* the projected movement. Leaving West Point and the other posts on the Hudson in command of General Heath, Washington with his army advanced to King's Ferry, which he reached on the 20th of August. By the 25th Rochambeau had come up with his troops and both armies were safely across the Hudson. So skilfully was the march of the allied armies conducted through Jersey that Clinton, until they were fairly across the Delaware, was impressed with the idea that New York was the destined point of attack. Finding it too late to stop this march toward Virginia, Clinton detached Benedict Arnold to lead an expedition into Connecticut with the usual orders to lay waste and destroy, hoping thus to divert Washington's attention from the South. Planned by Clinton in New York, he found in Arnold an admirable executor of what was destined to be one of his last mandates. The town of New London, Arnold's birthplace, was the principal point of attack; this he reduced to ashes, besides destroying valuable property in the harbor, and causing untold suffering among the inhabitants.

Seldom does history unfold to us a character more consistently execrable than that of Arnold, who from an unsuccessful attempt to sell his country, turned with alacrity to win the unenviable fame of reducing to ashes the town of his birth.

Washington, however, was not to be diverted from Virginia, on whose soil he foresaw that the most important battle of the Revolution was to be fought. Cornwallis had retired from the open field and intrenched his position at Yorktown, a peninsula at the mouth of the York river.

Almost simultaneously Washington and Rochambeau appeared before Yorktown, and the fleet of the Count de Grasse entered the Chesapeake.

A brief review of the history of the past months will show us that the British have been forced to relinquish most of their posts further south, and after the battle of Eutaw Springs, September 8th, 1781, were restricted to a small tract between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, and to the city of Charleston. The armies in New York, Yorktown and Charlestown were widely separated; while the French and Americans, 12,000 strong, are together with a powerful fleet on the sea. Such in brief was the position of affairs on the day that Yorktown was invested, September 30th, 1781.

After an obstinate resistance, during which period distinguished bravery was displayed on both sides, Cornwallis, hardly pressed and despairing of promised succor from New York, sent a flag of truce to Washington on the 17th of October, surrendering himself and his army. The terms proposed by the commander-in-chief were exceedingly honorable, being marked by the generosity and moderation that ever marked his treatment of a fallen foe.

Two days later the allied armies, with Washington and Rochambeau at their head, witnessed the formal surrender of Cornwallis' force of 7,000, which was considered "a death blow to the war." Late that night, or rather early the next morning, a joyful cry rang through the streets of Philadelphia, "Past two o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!"

A day of thanksgiving was recommended by Congress to be observed through all the States, and Washington ordered all persons under arrest to be liberated that they might join in the general rejoicings.

A TALE OF THE MISCHIANZA.

BY N. A. N. E.

It is the beginning of the Mischianza, that grand old festival, which took place within the beloved and time-honored precincts of our "City of Brotherly Love," a hundred years ago. Already has the glittering pageant, with its fair and lovely "Ladies of the Burning Mountain," and of the "Blended Rose," its noble barges, joyous music, myriads of brilliant flags and banners, floated down the Delaware in the light of the soft summer afternoon. Just as the procession is disembarking at the old Wharton mansion where the revels are to be held, one of the gay knights slips away from the glittering cortege, and hastily giving his bridle to a page, throws a heavy black cloak over his brilliant court dress and strides rapidly away through the forest.

At a not very great distance he approaches a quiet little farm-house, half hidden in the green shade, but looking the very abode of peace and happiness as it nestles against the side of a small hill.

The cavalier stops in a little glade not far from the house and waits quietly, listening with attentive ear. Soon his patience is rewarded, for the lightest of steps is heard stealing gently over the grass, and, turning, he beholds his heart's desire. There she stands, fair Prudence Petit, outlined against the blue summer sky, a little dove-like figure, clad all in the softest gray, with the sweetest hazel eyes, the most velvety-smooth brown hair, and the tenderest color coming and going in those beautifully rounded cheeks.

"My own darling," says Talbot Wyoming, "you have kept your promise," and he clasps her slight figure to his fast-beating heart.

"But this is very dangerous, friend Talbot; thee must let me go, my uncle will be so angry, for he has forbidden me to speak with thee," falters Prudence, between blushes and tears.

"My darling, you must fly with me as soon as this feast is over. Lord Howe leaves at once, and one of the officers' wives has promised her protection to my wife."

"Oh, Talbot! I dare not, I dare not," and Prudence starts back in confusion.

"My Prudence will not fear to go with her lover, surely," says Talbot, reassuringly.

"My uncle is bitterly cruel to me, he never loved me, and now he swears I must marry friend Ezra Shippen to-morrow; all the preparations were made since thou wast last here, and I shall not dare to disobey him—but, oh, Talbot, I cannot defy him so much as to go with thee."

"Prudence, do you love me?"

"Aye, thou knowest right well I love thee," sobs Prudence.

"Then, darling, you shall never be any man's wife but mine," and Talbot stoops to gather her to him in an ardent embrace, while he finishes his sentence in one long earnest kiss upon those sweet trembling lips.

Prudence lies quietly in his arms; but just then, oh, horror! an old broad-brimmed hat appears stealthily from behind one of the trees, and the tall lean form of an aged quaker comes upon the scene.

"My uncle!" cries Prudence, in affright.

"Yea, thy uncle, thou undutiful child! Come to thy room and repent thee of thy misdeeds. And you, ye foul deceiver, leave our sight and never cross her path again. She will wed with Friend Shippen on the morrow."

So saying, he roughly tears Prudence from her lover's arms and bears her swiftly into the house, in spite of Talbot's remonstrances and entreaties for him to listen to his extenuations.

An hour or so later Talbot is forced, sad and gloomy as he is, to take his part in the gay festival of the day, where he moves about mechanically, and as if in a horrible dream. His only relief is when he can pour his grief into the sympathizing ears of his kind friend, the wife of Colonel Beverly. She tries to cheer him, but without success, and it is almost a relief when Talbot is detailed with some others to go out and report the movements of the enemy, who have attacked the outer ranks of the camp, far in the distance.

Poor Prudence cowers in her gloomy room, knowing far better than the gay, thoughtless dancers in the mansion below, what that ominous firing means, and weeping her heart out lest her Talbot should be in danger. Later, watched by her stern uncle, she is told to weed the flower-beds, and her sad tears rain fast over the unconscious lilies and roses, while she heeds not the calm beauty of the summer evening.

Just then a carriage draws up near the garden-gate, and the driver comes in, asking to see the master of the house. Old Mr. Petit, the very picture of a saintly old Quaker, goes forward and says, mildly:

"Friend, what may be thy business?"

"There is a widow lady here who wants some one to show her the way to the Old Swedes Church, where her soldier son was buried the other day. She will pay well," said the man.

The old Quaker hesitates. There is no one to go save Prudence, and he does not like to trust her out of his sight; but his love of greed, in these hard times, prevails over his fears when he sees the money tendered him by the lady, so he tells his niece to get ready and go with her. And thus Prudence, blushing and trembling, is helped into the coach, which drives slowly away.

As soon as they are out of hearing the widow lady throws off her wrappings, and discloses to Prudence's affrighted gaze one of the fairest of the Mischianza belles, decked in all the brilliancy of the revel. She says, laughing gaily:

"Now, my little dove, don't be frightened. You shall show me the way to the church, but not until midnight, when one gallant Talbot will be there to make you his happy bride."

"Ah! madame——" gasps Prudence.

"Hush! not a word," and the fair young matron kisses Prudence with the utmost tenderness.

Then she unfolds her plan, and Prudence, in mortal dread of her cruel uncle and repulsive old lover, allows herself to be overruled, and promises compliance.

They drive rapidly to the old mansion, where the revels will soon be at their height, crowned by the grand ball which is to end the greatest *fete* ever held in Old Philadelphia. Prudence is quickly arrayed in a ball dress of Mrs. Beverly's, and what a change it is to see our quiet little dove transformed into a brilliant bird of paradise!

"Talbot himself cannot recognize you now," says Mrs. Beverly, gaily, as she clasps a diamond star in the high and powdered tower resting on Prudence's bright young head. "Cheer up, little one, and have a bright smile for your bonny bridegroom when he comes."

"Ah, madame, thou art indeed too kind, but my heart is heavy, and I cannot thank thee as I would. I make but a sorry bride, but I will love him with all my heart, and thee, dear lady, next."

Mrs. Beverly led Prudence down into the ball-room, and introduced her as a young friend of her own, just arrived. Exclamations of "Lovely!" "Charming!" "Did you ever see such eyes!" "Look at that shape!" sounded on every side as they moved along, and all the gay young gallants crowded around to be introduced to the new beauty.

Prudence was very quiet and calm, and behaved with great grace and dignity, only twice being startled out of her repose of manner. Once was when Talbot Wyoming, and the rest of the young aids who had been sent out to the camp, returned and came into the ball room, and Talbot passed directly by Prudence without knowing her. Another time she was standing with a gay cavalier near Lord Howe, when an orderly approached and said:

"My lord, there is a old Quaker gentleman here who swears he must search the house. His niece has run away, and the coach that bore her from his house turned in here, he says. What is to be done about him?"

"Oh, let him go through the house, if he will," was the reply. "I suppose the old broad-brimmed will hardly look for the prim little minx in this room, but if he should, it would be rare sport to see him in the midst of our iniquities."

Prudence trembled with terror as she actually saw her uncle go through the hall and upstairs, but, though his cruel eyes did glance at her, they could not recognize, in her brilliant court dress, his poor little down trodden Prudence.

"Talbot," said Mrs. Beverly, a little later, "I must introduce you to my young friend."

"Ah, dear madame, I have no heart for politeness and compliments, when my thoughts are full of my lost Prudence."

"Never mind, Talbot. I have set my heart on introducing you, so you must come with a good grace."

So saying, she led him up to Prudence, and said:

"Miss Petit, Mr. Wyoming."

Talbot started violently.

"Prudence, is this you!"

"Yes," says Prudence, faintly, from out her burning blushes.

"*My* Prudence Petit! Impossible!" said Talbot, still overwhelmingly astonished.

"Yes, but it is Prudence Petit," said Mrs. Beverly, "soon to be Prudence Wyoming, and you have need of prudence, indeed, you scapegrace of a captain. Now, listen, Talbot. In an hour's time, when the grand banquet is in progress, I will feign temporary illness and take Prudence upstairs with me. You also must withdraw, and then we will all go to the old church near. Father Morton is to be there at midnight, and you two will be bound so fast together in a few moments that no cruel uncle in all the world can divide you. Then Prudence can return with me, and write to her uncle when we leave in the morning that she is Mrs. Captain Wyoming."

"Ah, my dearest lady, how can we ever thank you!" cried Talbot, while Prudence's soft dark eyes filled with grateful tears.

"Don't thank me, and don't laugh till you are out of the woods, either, or rather out of the church," replied Mrs. Beverly, gaily.

But it all did happen just as she had planned. Prudence and Talbot were married in the old church at midnight, and then returned to the ball with Mrs. Beverly, where the dancing was kept up until morning. The little Quakeress held her own bravely among the Tory belles, and was one of the beauties of the occasion.

After the war was over, she and Talbot settled down for life in the old farmhouse, which came to Prudence after all, as the cruel old Quaker uncle died without a will; and now their descendants are soon to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of their great-grandmother's romantic wedding. You may be quite sure that all the eldest sons in that family are named Beverly, after the kind and charming lady who did so much for the founders of their race in this country.

EVENINGS AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The principal buildings on the Centennial grounds will, as has been announced, be closed at 6 o'clock in the evening, but thousands of promenaders who will have, in the course of two or three weeks' visiting, wearied of the displays of machinery, pictures, and curiosities from every clime, will throng to the park in the cool dusk, and will patronize the concerts and the restaurants, and will stroll in the leafy avenues. It will be difficult to find in the whole country, in the months of June and July, any place of resort more absolutely lovely than this section of Fairmount Park will be when the Exhibition is at the height of its glory. In the various State buildings receptions, balls, and quiet parties will frequently be given; the foreign commissioners will hold levees in their handsome quarters, and elegant crowds will gather on the balconies of the "American Restaurant," which spreads its rambling halls over a large territory in a beautiful shaded nook. These balconies are vast, and will be a refuge to the weary during the heat of the days. There will be exhibitions of electric lights, which will illuminate the statues, the fountains, the stately dome of Memorial Hall, and the graceful arches of the mammoth Conservatory. Both within the exhibition enclosure, and just outside of it, there will be numerous excellent concerts. A huge theatre is in process of construction on the main avenue leading to the grounds. It is not too much to say that if attractions continue to multiply as they have latterly multiplied, evening at the Centennial will be far more interesting to the masses than the day. A Prussian military band is promised, and what with Offenbach and the Germans, and Thomas, and some of the excellent orchestras from neighboring cities, we shall have no lack of music. In the long summer afternoons excursions on the Schuylkill, on the romantic Wissahickon, and to Belmont Mansion can be organized whenever eyes and ears weary of miles of pictures and statuary.—*Boston Journal.*

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THERE will be no display of foreign artillery at the Exposition, except the monster gun exhibited by Krupp.

AMONG the thirteen judges of awards appointed by France, is the Marquis de Rochambeau, grandson of the Count of Revolutionary fame.

IN the United States and State Buildings, registers are kept for the record of visitors' names, and in each State Building, copies of all the newspapers published in that State are also kept on file.

IN the British section of the Main Building, in the central rotunda, the most striking exhibition is that of Elkington & Co., where in a space of much less than two hundred square feet, there are goods in metal work valued at $500,000 in gold.

THE most elaborate and valuable furniture in the Main Building is that in the Egyptian section. Much of it is of sycamore wood, carved in the ancient Arabic style, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ebony, ivory, and silver—the whole work being done by hand.

THE British stained glass exhibit is considered the finest yet made at any International Fair. The large windows of the south entire gallery of the Main Building are devoted to this display. The British Commissioners say a better place could not have been given, and some of the most celebrated English makers have sent their best specimens, the contributions being so numerous that the original space had to be extended.

A PETERSBURGH, Va., firm have erected at the Exposition a tobacco palace, in Pagoda form. It stands upon a square platform of handsomely finished tobacco boxes. In addition to being beautifully finished, the boxes or butts forming this platform are provided with plate glass heads and gilt linings. The roof is tiled with plugs of tobacco in alternate white and dark bands; the eaves are ornamented with small triangular plugs of dark tobacco, and the cornices, mouldings, dentil courses, frieze columns and panels are all formed of tobacco in various shapes and sizes, alternating in colors from ebony black to golden yellow.

THE following arrangements concerning religious services in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition have been made. The pulpits will be filled during the summer, and a bureau of information will be established inside the Centennial grounds, where foreigners can obtain denominational statistics and information respecting the workings of Christianity in this country. A schedule of all the churches in this city and time of service will be compiled for distribution among the hotels and boarding houses. The establishment of a large tent or tabernacle near the grounds was at first considered, but as the grounds are to be closed on Sundays, and there will be abundance of space in the churches throughout the city, it was deemed inexpedient to erect a tent.

THE *London Graphic* has erected an enclosure, on the walls of which are exhibited many of the original designs of their pictures, which make quite an attractive exhibition. In the centre of their space is a model of the machine on which the *Graphic* is printed, which will be used for printing circulars, and will have power furnished by the agency of a gas stove. The *Illustrated London News* also has a structure, on which are shown many of their best engravings. Bradbury & Agnew, the publishers of *Punch*, exhibit a curious collection of cartoons from that famous publication. The British Geological Survey and Ordnance Survey show maps, etc. An ornate pavilion has been erected for the School of Art Needlework, over which the Princess Louise presides, and here is shown, among other things, work sent by the Queen and Royal Family.

THE exhibit of India goods in the Main Building is one of much interest to Americans. The greater portion is sent from the India Museum of London. There are specimens of the food and other products of India, showing everything that the natives eat, wear, and use. There are dyes and silks in every possible form, raw, floss, cocoon, spun, woven, dyed, etc., and wild silks. These specimens are carefully arranged in cases with neat labels, showing whence they came. There are also cases containing native Indian arms, pottery, metal-ware—some of it of great excellence—lacquered work, boxes made of porcupine quills, sandal-wood, etc. An assortment of native fans are exhibited; also inlaid ivory and native stone work. There are specimens of the Hindoo antiquities from Amaravati; also textile fabrics in silk and cotton, unique drawings in inks, and embroidered work from Delhi. There is a case of jewelry from Bombay, a case of magnificent India shawls; an exhibit of Indian carpets, and also fine specimens of lace worked by the native ladies.

THE Centennial Commission are erecting a special building for the exhibition of fruits; the dimensions of the structure, situated on the east of the Agricultural Building, and connected with it by a covered way, are one hundred and eighty by two hundred feet, affording room for the display of eight thousand dishes of fruit at periods of special displays.

The periods decided upon for these special displays are as follows, though any of the fruits enumerated will be received for exhibition either preceding or subsequent to these dates: Pomological products, May 16th to 24th; strawberries, June 7th to 15th; raspberries and blackberries, July 3d to 8th; Southern pomological products, July 18th to 22d; melons, August 25d to 28th; peaches, September 4th to 9th; Northern pomological products, September 11th to 19th; nuts, October 2d to November 1st.

The Pomological Building will be used for the exhibition of vegetables continuously, and at the stated dates of June 20th to 24th, for early summer vegetables; September 19th to 23d, for autumn vegetables; and October 2d to 7th, for potatoes and feeding roots.

IN the Main Building there are two American pipe-organs, which will prove of special interest to amateur as well as to professional musicians. The largest of these is exhibited by a well-known Boston firm, and the location selected is the central space on the eastern balcony. This organ is an instrument of gigantic proportions, being much larger than the celebrated Peace Jubilee organ, afterwards placed in the Talmage Tabernacle at Brooklyn. It has fifty-nine stops and four banks of keys. The longest pipe is thirty-two feet in length, and the shortest less than one inch. All the registers are operated by pneumatic appliances, and the stentorian, tuba, and mirabilis stops are controlled by a heavy pressure of wind, which gives them a tone so full that they can be heard above the combined harmonies of the great organ. On the right and left sides of the keyboard are very important additions called the wind and crescendo indicators, while the pedals are so arranged that by one motion the softest sounds can be gradually and almost imperceptibly increased to the thundering tones of the full instrument. The other organ is located on the right centre of the building, and is contributed by a New York firm. This instrument has forty-six stops and three manuals, while the keyboard is connected with the pipes by a combination of the tubular and pneumatic actions. The chief advantage of the New York instrument arises from the fact that the performer is not obliged to change his stops with every variation of the composition, for by a simple index at either hand, he can arrange all the desired combinations before beginning to play, and then by touching one or more pedals, can bring these into action as he proceeds.

"THE Department of Public Comfort" is the name of a building which stands near the west end of the Main Building, and which, as its name implies, is intended as a general reception room for the convenience of all visitors. It contains one very large room, ladies' parlor, coat and baggage room, lunch counter, barber shop, ladies' hair-dressing rooms, lavatories, etc. Entrance to the building and to an open-air gallery over its central portion is free to all, while a moderate charge is made for any of the special services named. The building throughout is ornamental in its character, and well lighted and ventilated. In connection with the coat and baggage room are ten stations, to and about the Exhibition buildings, where articles of wearing apparel, umbrellas, etc., may be deposited and cared for, or checked for delivery at other stations. The reception room opens on the east into the telegraph department, where are exhibited and in use all the telegraphic appliances of the day—police and fire-alarm, etc. It is also a station of the corps of Centennial guides. The ladies' parlor is handsomely carpeted and furnished with divans, easy chairs, mirrors, etc. The reception room is furnished in oak and black walnut, and contains a few office desks for the occupation of business parties desiring to hire them, and this is a convenient place where parties may meet on entering the grounds, make their arrangements for the day's pleasure, and use it as a general rendezvous for business and social purposes, and where all the necessary accommodations of a first-class hotel may be found. A register is also kept, free of charge, in which visitors who desire may enter their names, address, and date of intended departure, so that friends may readily learn of their whereabouts, and all letters addressed in care of the "Department of Public Comfort" will be properly retained until called for, or forwarded to any point requested.

THE TRUE STORY OF A

SONG OF SIXPENCE.

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

STRAIN THE TENTH.

HOW CHICKABIDDY FOUND HER HEART.

As for Demisemiquaver, after embracing his nurse, he had inquired where Chickabiddy was.

"She's in the Eastern Turret, my dear," said the nurse, "moaning and crying, crying and moaning ever since you went away. She will neither eat nor drink, and she looks woebegone enough to satisfy her worst enemy. But if people will be wicked, my dear, they must make up their minds to suffer for it."

"But they may repent," said Semiquaver. "Good-bye for the present, nurse," and he was gone.

As the nurse had said, Chickabiddy had shut herself up in the remotest corner of Castle Crotchet, the Eastern Turret, there to give vent to her grief and despair. But a change had come over her from the time she had seen Semiquaver looking so gently and compassionately at her in his hour of triumph and hers of deep disgrace. The change had come upon her like a thunderbolt, and, as she crossed the garden-gate, the Chickabiddy of old had vanished forever. *She had found her Heart*—a part of her which, thanks to the Fairy Glamour or False Seeming, had been so overlaid with feelings of mischief and ill-will, so smothered up by recklessness, so disregarded through want of thought, that Chickabiddy had long ago forgotten that she had such a thing as a heart. But now, having found it, if she gave vent to grief and despair, the grief was not for the loss of her beauty, and the despair did not arise from her fear of future and ceaseless ridicule. No, her grief had a better source; it was repentance for the evil she had done; and her despair arose from the thought that all good people now hated her. She said "all good people" to herself, but I suspect she thought more of Semiquaver's opinion than of that of all the world besides. So, when she heard a knock at the Turret door and Semiquaver came gliding up to her, she dropped her head between her hands and wept as if her heart were breaking.

"Chickabiddy, dear," said Semiquaver, gently taking hold of her hands, "I have come to make friends with you. When all beneath this roof are rejoicing why should you be so very, very miserable?"

"But it serves me right, and so would everybody say—everybody but you"

"I don't say it serves you right. But, since your misfortune has changed you so as to enable you to feel and speak as sensibly as you have done, I cannot regret that misfortune. But your punishment ought not to last forever. Look here at this Crooked Sixpence. You know it of old. You see those Latin words on one side of it? 'Satius est mereri quam videri.' Shall I translate them for you?"

"I can guess their meaning, I think; but you had better tell me."

"Ah! you always were a sharp little thing, and always will be," said Semiquaver, with a smile. "Well, the meaning of these words is: 'it is better to be *worthy* than to *seem* so.' Now, take the crooked little Sixpence into your hand, lay it on your heart, and tell me—are you convinced of the truth of these words?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes, indeed!" cried Chickabiddy, pressing the medal to her bosom.

"Do you feel any better, any happier, as you say so?"

"I do, I do. This precious little Talisman seems to send a glow of happiness all through my frame; and that is strange, for, before, if I so much as touched it, I felt as if a red-hot iron was passing through my heart."

"Not at all strange, Chickabiddy, dear. There is nothing left of the old Chickabiddy now."

"Oh, yes," said the poor girl, mournfully shaking her head. "Not that I repine at it, for I deserve it—but the badge of my disgrace still remains."

"Look at yourself in this glass," said Semiquaver, handing one to her.

Chickabiddy looked, and the blood rushed to her cheeks and forehead, so violent, yet pleasurable, was the shock she received (for girls will be girls!). In that looking-glass no reflection was there of that odious little radish, but as handsome a little nose as you would wish to see on a handsome little face. And the best of it was, that in that handsome little nose there was no tendency to curl or turn up as there had been of yore; it was as modest and Grecian a little nose as need be. Chickabiddy dropped the looking-glass, dropped on her knees and clasped those of Semiquaver, shedding a shower of tears. But the shower was an April shower, and her face looked more radiant after it.

"Oh! I never, never hoped for this," said she; "how can it be? I don't deserve it."

"Look here, Chickabiddy," said Semiquaver, "you have only seen one side of the Crooked Sixpence; there is another inscription on the other side: 'Virtus non semper latebit'—'worth will not always be hidden.' The worth was in you, but it had probably been choked and kept down by those who had the charge of your childhood."

"That may be. I am afraid I must have had immensely more worth than I really had for a particle of it to show itself after the training I had. And this reminds me; there is one of my misdeeds still unrepaired. I must go at once to the Haunted Tower of Grumbleton. May I, dare I beseech you to trust me with your Talisman, the Crooked Sixpence, for an hour or two?"

"I will trust you with anything and everything, Chickabiddy—here it is. I know your purpose must be good, so God speed you!"

Chickabiddy kissed his hand, and rushed down the Turret stairs, as if running for very life.

Once only did she stop, turn round, and wave her hand with a passionate gesture, as if invoking a blessing on the head of Semiquaver, and then resumed her headlong course.

MIRABEL LEE.

BY OLIVE BELL.

Blue violets, blowing in cool dewy meadows,
Uplift their meek faces, as Mirabel Lee,
Walks thoughtfully down the sunny, green lanes
That leads to the alder-fringed fen.

The sun golden-flecks, the flowery path,
The robin's blithe song is heard,
While the trees in the forest's dim aisles,
By warm scented breezes are stirr'd.

Cowslips sprinkle the low pasture lands,
Like flakes of new-fallen snow;
Daffodils flutter their gold-ringed leaves,
Where rivulets merrily flow.

But the dull heavy languor in Mirabel's heart,
Only deepens to deadlier pain,
As she travels the path—so sunny and green.
His feet will ne'er travel again.

Unseen by her, flowers, blossom and glow,
Like prisms of gold, on the emerald sod,
Unheard are the songs the blithe robin sings,
As he idly swings on some quivering rod.

For her eyes look beyond this beautiful world,
To another, fairer, and brighter above;
Where the dead who acknowledged His holy name,
Rejoice in the peace of His deathless love.

BEFORE THEIR DEADLY FIRE TWO OF THE SERVANTS HAD FALLEN, WHILE A RUFFIAN STOOD AT THE HEAD OF THE HORSE ON WHICH THE LADY WAS MOUNTED.

AT BAY.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Those of my kind readers who are inclined to smile at the romances written in these matter-of-fact days, and cry down many of the incidents therein mentioned as marvelous, improbable and false, should go to the mountains and plains of the far West, where the ring of the rifle, the war-whoop of the Indian, and howl of the wolf, are the sounds that break the stillness of nature by day and by night.

In my wanderings over the trackless prairies, or climbing the rugged hillsides of the Western and Southwestern borders, I have met men of whom many stories were told which seemed beyond belief; but when brought face to face with facts, and having been an eye-witness of their deeds of daring, I was compelled to feel that "seeing was believing."

Of one of those characters I would now write, and a man of a strange nature he was, this same Kit Carson, Jr. Of this noted scout's early history little is known, for although a fluent talker, he has little to say regarding himself; but it was rumored among his comrades that he had been educated in a Mexican monastery, and was intended for a Catholic priest.

But at an early age he cut the church and took to the prairies, where he soon did more good as a fearless scout than he ever would have done as a defender of the Christian faith.

Accident caused me to put West with Kit. I was in Mexico, and he became my guide in an expedition of danger that I had been ordered upon.

Of Mexico, the land of desperate romances, little is known to the general reader, so I may say here that in times of peace it is dangerous to go unarmed, and in times of war—and war is chronic there—it is dangerous to live there at all.

One bright moonlight night Kit and myself were riding cautiously along a rugged roadway, when we were startled by several pistol shots fired in rapid succession, followed by the loud cry of a [illegible].

With one impulse we darted down the hillside into the valley, from whence came the sound, and suddenly drew rein at an animating scene transpiring on the highway.

At a glance by this bright moonlight we realized the position of affairs—a Mexican ranchero and his family attacked by a band of robbers.

The Don and his family, consisting of his daughter, a maiden of seventeen and three servants, had been suddenly attacked by half a score of these rough mountain banditti, and before their deadly fire two of the servants had fallen, while a ruffian stood at the head of the horse on which the lady was mounted.

Kit was not a man to "count noses" in a fight, and, with his wild war cry, that echoed savagely through the valley, and a revolver in either hand, he spurred upon the scene, I following his example as well as I could.

How it all occurred I do not exactly remember, for there was a rattle of fire-arms, a few savage yells, a shriek of despair, a groan of agony, a trampling of feet, and we held the field, for those of the bandits who had not fallen under Kit's deadly fire, had determined to "live to fight another day" by running off from present danger.

At a glance Kit recognized the Mexican and his daughter, and towards them he felt most kindly, as for weeks he had been nursed very tenderly when lying wounded in the Don's *hacienda*.

"Ha, Don Nunez, it is you, and the fair Senorita Lita?" he exclaimed, in Spanish.

"Yes, Senor Americano; we were returning from the town to my ranche, and——"

"Tell me the story some other time, for these devils have been reinforced, and are not going to let the wealthy Don Nunez and his lovely daughter escape them so easily. You must be off, and, colonel, lead them back the way we came until you reach the ruined *hacienda*—there await me; if I go under, curse them! I will have company."

"And you, Kit?" I asked, as he threw himself from his horse and gave me the rein.

"Will lay in this path, and let them drive me. Be off, for don't you hear the hell-hounds coming?"

My several days' acquaintance with Kit made me feel that remonstrance was vain, so I at once told the Don, his daughter and remaining servant, to follow, and spurred on up the hills, leaving the bold scout standing alone amid the half-dozen dead who lay in the valley.

As we reached the summit of the hill, I saw a flash in the valley below, followed by a series of wild yells, and then came the war-cry of Kit, telling us his aim had been true.

Again came the flash of his rifle, this time from a clump of bushes at the base of a hill, and once more his wild-cry was heard.

As we went over the crest, I paused, while my companions rode on, and from half way up the slope came a third flash, a ringing whoop, and answering shots from the valley below.

Kit was keeping his word; *he was letting them drive him.*

As we went on to the *hacienda* we continued to hear the single shot, like a minute-gun, send forth its death-dealing note, and followed by the rattling discharge of the bandits.

Reaching the old ruin, which looked picturesque and weird-like in the moonlight, I left the Don, the fair Lita, and the *peon*, and returned to the aid of Kit.

I found him standing at bay in a small clump of trees, and rushing upon him *en masse* were the Mexican bandits.

As I rode up he had dropped his rifle, and with a revolver in each hand was firing in that rapid, but cool manner that showed the man of nerve in the most desperate danger.

To run was impossible, and he knew it, for the bandits were mounted and an open piece of land would have brought him under their fire; so he stood at bay, determined to die like the brave man he was rather than yield.

As I started up, leading his splendid horse by the rein, I saw several steeds and riders go down, and the wild, defiant cry of the scout almost deafened me.

At that moment the bandits were checked, and wavering for an instant turned and spurred for the nearest shelter.

I tried to believe that my arrival had suddenly changed the aspect of affairs, and Kit was kind enough to say so, but love of truth compels me to say that the ringing music of the scout's revolvers, added to his deadly aim, was too much for the Mexicans, who are proverbially cowards, and did not care to come to closer quarters with a man who was such a devil when brought to bay.

Mounting his horse and laughing lightly at two slight wounds he had received, Kit and myself dashed on to the *hacienda*, and in an hour more the whole party were safe in the Don's strong house, where the fair Lita skillfully dressed the scout's wounds, and then served us with a substantial supper.

To make this story a romance, kind reader, I should go on to say that Kit married the lovely Lita, settled down with the old Don's blessing, and were happy with the old Don's money.

But that is not the truth—for I do not believe he ever saw the pretty Mexican after that night, for we left the *hacienda* the following morning and continued on our way, accomplishing the end for which we had started forth.

Since that moonlight night in balmy Mexico, Kit Carson and myself have been on many a trail together, but never has he appeared as noble to me as when a score of Mexican bandits brought him to bay.

ADHERE always rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but, while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture; the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. Truth conveyed in austere and acrimonious language seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed.

AVOID exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 32, Vol 16. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE SAME TRAIN.

"You must step out sharp, Sir Karl. The train is on the move."

Sir Karl Wynne had gone hastening into the railway station, all late, on Monday morning, to catch the eleven o'clock train, and was taking a ticket for London. It was the station-master who had addressed him, as he handed him his ticket. One of the porters held open the door of a first-class compartment, and Sir Karl jumped in.

A lady was gathered into the corner beyond him, her veil down. There was no one else in the carriage. Karl did not look round at her until the train had left the station. And when he saw who it was, he thought his eyes must be playing him false.

"Why, Rose!" he exclaimed, "can it be you!"

She smiled, and threw her veil back, leaning at the same moment to tell him why she was there. The whistle set up a shriek at the time, and though Sir Karl, his ear bent close to her, no doubt heard the explanation, the air of the carriage did not.

"Slight accident—last night—quite useless—would have me come—Rennet—" were all the disconnected words that I caught.

"I quite shrunk from the journey at first," she said. "I feel always shy and timid now—but I am not sorry to go, for it will give me the opportunity of making some needful purchases. I would rather do it in London than Basham; and I did not care to trust Ann Hopley to buy these fine little things."

"Is Adam better?"

"Yes, I think so. You did not come to the Maze last night, Karl. He was wishing for you."

Karl turned off the subject. The fright he had had coming out on Saturday night would serve to keep him away for some days to come. In his heart of hearts he believed that, in the interests of prudence, the less he went there the better.

"I suppose you will return to-night, Rose?"

"If I can," she answered; "it depends on Rennet. Should I be obliged to wait until to-morrow, I shall have to sleep at an hotel. Adam had directed me to one."

And so the conversation innocently progressed, and the train went on.

But now, as capricious fortune had it, who should be in that self-same train but Miss Blake! Miss Blake was going up to London.

Seated in her carriage, waiting for the train to start, she had seen Sir Karl Wynne come running on to the platform, and she drew her face back out of sight. She saw him put into a carriage just behind her own, and she felt a little cross that he should be going to London at all.

"What is taking him, I wonder?" she thought. "He never said a word about it at breakfast. I don't believe Lucy knows it."

Arrived at the terminus, Miss Blake, knowing that gentlemen mostly leaped out of the train before it had well stopped, held back herself.

Cautiously peeping to see him pass and get fairly off, she saw what she had not expected to see—Sir Karl helping out a lady. They passed on quickly, Sir Karl carrying a clasped reticule bag, and the lady clinging to his arm. She was closely veiled, but Miss Blake's keen eyes knew her through the veil for Mrs. Grey.

Miss Blake could have groaned the roof off the carriage. She was the only passenger left in it.

"Oh, the deceitful villain!" she exclaimed.

She then burst on to the platform, and sheltered herself behind a projecting board to look after them.

Sir Karl was putting Mrs. Grey into a four-wheeled cab. He handed in her reticule bag after her, shook hands, gave a direction to the driver, and the cab went off. Then he looked around for a hansom, got in, and was driven away in his turn.

Miss Blake, making good her own departure, believed she had not yet suspected half the tricks and turns there must be in this wicked world.

"Poor Lucy! poor wife!" she murmured, pityingly. "May heaven look down and shield her!"

Karl's errand in London was to see what he could find out about Philip Salter. On the Saturday night, patiently searching the file of newspapers—the *Times*—he at length came upon the case.

One Philip Salter had been manager to a financial firm in London, and for some years managed it honestly and very successfully. But he got speculating on his own account, lost and lost, and continued to lose, all the while using the funds that were not his to prop him up and prevent exposure. To do this unsuspected, he was forced to resort to forgery, to fabricate false bonds, to become, in short, one of the worst of felons.

The day of discovery came, but Mr. Salter had not waited for it. He was off, and left no trace, as he thought, behind him. Some clue, however, fancied or real, was obtained by a clever ordinary police officer. He went down to Liverpool, seized Philip Salter on board an American vessel just about to steam out of port, and started with him for London at once by the night train, disguised as he was. Midway on the road Salter did what only a desperate man, fighting for very life, would have dared to do—he jumped from the carriage and made his escape.

So much Karl read, but, though he searched onwards, he could see nothing else. Some of the newspapers were missing, had not been filed, and it might be that they were the very papers that spoke further. He then resolved to seek information elsewhere.

"I will go to London to-morrow," decided Karl in his own mind that night. "Could Smith be got away from his post of espionage it might be Adam's salvation."

And that is what brought him taking the eleven o'clock train on the Monday morning.

His hansom conveyed him to Plunkett and Plunkett's. Mr. Plunkett, with whom Karl had always transacted business, was not in town. Mr. George Plunkett saw him, but he was to Karl comparatively a stranger. Even this seemed to fetter him and make him feel more uneasily, but without reason, the necessity of caution.

In a somewhat hesitating way, he said that he had a reason for wishing to learn some particulars about a man who had cheated the community a year or two ago and made his escape—one Philip Salter; he wanted to know whether he had been recaught, or, if not, where he was now supposed to be.

Mr. George Plunkett immediately asked—not supposing there was any reason why he should not be told—why Sir Karl wished for the information. Were any of his friends sufferers, and hoping to get back what they had lost? And Karl contrived, without any distinct assertion, to leave this impression.

Mr. George Plunkett, however, could give him no information about Salter, beyond the fact—or rather impression, for he was not sure—that he had never been retaken. The matter was not one they had any interest in, and he recommended Sir Karl to go to Scotland Yard.

"I will write a note of introduction for you to one of the head officers there, Sir Karl," he said. "It will insure you attention."

But Karl declined this.

"If I went to Scotland Yard," he said, "it would be as an unknown, private individual, not as Sir Karl Wynne. I don't much care to go to Scotland Yard."

"But why?" exclaimed Mr. George Plunkett.

And then, all in a moment, an idea flashed across him. He fancied that Sir Karl was shy of presenting himself there as the brother of the unfortunate man who had stood his trial for murder.

"I have reasons for not wishing it to be known that I am stirring in this," said Karl—"grave reasons. At Scotland Yard they might recognize me, and perhaps put questions that at present I would rather not answer."

"Look here, then," said the lawyer. "I will give you a letter to one of the private men connected with the force—a detective, in fact. You can see him at his own house. He is one of the cleverest men they have, and will be sure to be able to tell you everything you want to know. There's not the least necessity for me to mention your name to him, and he'll not seek to learn it. I shall say you are a client and friend of ours, and that will be sufficient."

"Thank you, that will be best," replied Karl.

Mr. George Plunkett wrote the note there and then, and gave it to Karl. It was addressed to Mr. Burtenshaw, Euston Road. He took a cab and found the house—a middle-sized house with buff-colored blinds to the windows. A maid servant came to the door and her cap flew off as she opened it.

"Can I see Mr. Burtenshaw?" asked Sir Karl.

"Mr. Burtenshaw's out, sir," she replied, stooping to pick up the "cap"—a piece of bordered net the size of a five-shilling piece. "He left word that he should be back at five o'clock.

"If I were a detective officer, my servants should wear caps on their heads," thought Karl, as he turned away, and went to get some dinner.

The church clocks were striking five when he was at the door again. Mr. Burtenshaw was at home; and Karl, declining to give his name, was shown to an upstairs room. A little man of middle age, with a sallow face and rather nice grey eyes, was standing by a table covered with papers. Karl bowed and handed him Mr. Plunkett's note.

"Take a seat, sir, pray, while I read it," said Mr. Burtenshaw, instinctively recognizing Karl for a gentleman and a noble one. And Karl sat down near the window.

"Very good; I am at your service, sir," said the detective, drawing a chair opposite Karl's. "What can I do for you?"

With less hesitation than he had shown to Mr. George Plunkett, Karl frankly stated why he had come, and what he wanted—some information about the criminal, Philip Salter.

"Do you know much about the case?" continued Karl—for Mr. Burtenshaw had made no immediate reply, but sat in silence.

"I believe I know all about it, sir. I was wondering whether you had unearthed him and were come to claim the reward."

"The reward! Is there an offered reward out against him?"

"Five hundred pounds. It was offered after he had made his desperate escape, and it stands still."

"He has not been retaken, then?"

"No, never. We have failed in his case, I am ashamed to say. What particulars are they, sir, that you wish to hear of him? Those connected with his frauds and forgeries?"

"Not those; I have read of them in some of the old papers. I want to know where he is supposed to be; and what is he like in person."

"Our belief is that he is still in Great Britain; strange though it may sound to you to hear me say it. England or Scotland. After that escapade, all the ports were so thoroughly guarded and watched, that I don't think he could have escaped. We have a more especial reason, which I do not speak of, for suspecting that he is here still; at least that he was three months ago."

"There are a hundred places in England where he may be hiding," spoke Karl impulsively. "Where he may be living as an ordinary individual, just like the individuals about him."

"Living openly, as may be said, but cautiously. Perhaps wearing a disguise."

"No doubt of the disguise. False hair and whiskers, spectacles, and all that."

Karl remembered Mr. Smith's green spectacles. His hair might not be his own; he wished he had taken better note of it.

"And in person, what is he like?"

"That I cannot tell you," said Mr. Burtenshaw. "I never saw him. Some of us know him well. Grimley especially does."

"Who is Grimley?"

"The man who let him escape. He has been under a cloud since with us. My wonder is that he was not dismissed."

"Then you don't know at all what Salter is like?"

"No."

"Are there no photographs?"

"I think not. I have seen none. Is it very essential your ascertaining this?"

"The most essential point of all. Is this Grimley to be got at? If I could see him to-day and get Salter's description from him, I should be more than glad."

Mr. Burtenshaw took some ivory tablets from his pocket and consulted them. "I will send for Grimley here, sir. Will eight o'clock be too late for you?"

"Not at all," replied Karl, thinking he could get away by the half-past nine train.

Mr. Burtenshaw escorted him to the head of the stairs, and watched him down, making his mental comments.

"I wonder who he is? He looks too full of care for his years. But he knows Salter's retreat as sure as a gun—or thinks he knows it. Won't denounce him till he's sure."

When Karl got back at eight o'clock, some disappointment was in store for him. Grimley was not there. The detective showed the scrap of message returned to him, scribbled in pencil on a loose bit of paper.

"Can't get to you before eleven; might be a little later. Suppose it's particular? Got a matter on hand, and have to leave for the country at five in the morning."

"Will you see him at that late hour, sir?"

Karl considered. It would involve his staying in town for the night, which he had not prepared for. But he was restlessly anxious to set the question at rest, and resolve upon it.

He walked away through the busy London streets, seemingly more crowded than usual that Monday evening, and sent a telegraphic message to his wife, saying he could not be home until the morrow. Then he went into the Charing Cross Hotel and engaged a bed. Before eleven he was back again at Mr. Burtenshaw's. Grimley came in about a quarter past; a powerful, tallish man with a rather jolly face, not dressed in his official clothes as a policeman, but in an ordinary suit of pepper-and-salt.

"You remember Philip Salter, Grimley?" began the superior man at once, without any circumlocution or introduction.

"I ought to, Mr. Burtenshaw."

"Just describe his person to the gentleman as accurately as you can."

"He's not dropped upon at last, is he?" returned the man, his whole face lighting up.

"No. Don't jump to conclusions, Grimley, but do as you are bid." Upon which rebuke Grimley turned to Sir Karl.

"He was about as tall as I am, sir, and not unlike me in shape; that is, strongly made, and very active. His real hair was dark brown, almost black—but goodness only knows what it's changed into now."

"And his face?" questioned Karl. As yet the description tallied.

"Well, his face was a fresh-colored face, pleasant in look, and he was a free, pleasant man to talk to you. His eyes—I can't be sure, but I think they were dark brown; his eyebrows were thick and rather more arched than common. At that time his face was clean-shaved, whiskers and all; dare say it's covered with hair now."

"Was he gentlemanly in his look and manners?"

"Yes, sir, I should say so. A rather bustling, business kind of gentleman; I used to see him often before he turned rogue. Leastways before it was known. You'd never have thought it of him; you'd have trusted him through thick and thin."

Smith at Foxwood was not bustling in his manners; rather quiet. But, as Sir Karl's thoughts ran, there was nothing there for him to be bustling over; and, besides, the trouble might have tamed him. In other particulars the description might have well served for Smith himself, and Karl's hopes rose. Grimley watched him keenly.

"Have you a photograph of him?" asked Karl.

"No, sir. 'Twas a great pity one was never took. I might have had it done at Liverpool that day; but I thought I'd got himself safe, and it didn't occur to me. Ah, live and learn. I never was *done* before, and I've not been since."

"You let him escape you in the train?"

"I *let* him; yes, sir, that's the right word, as things turned out. 'Don't put the handcuffs on me, Grimley,' said he, when we were about to start for the up-night train. 'It's not pleasant to be seen in that condition by the passengers who sit opposite you. I'll not give you the least trouble: you've got me, and I yield to it.' 'On your honor, sir?' says I. 'On my word and honor,' says he. 'To tell you the truth, Grimley, I've led such a life of fear and suspense lately that I'm not sorry it's ended.' Well, sir, I put faith in him—you've heard me say it, Mr. Burtenshaw—and we took our seats in the carriage, me on one side, my mate, Knowles, on the other, and Salter, unfettered, between us. He had got a great, thick, fluffy, gray wrapper

haps to the eye not to see those particular coal-scuttle bonnets or bottle-green spencers which adorned his own Bethel. The differences between Combhollow and Penmoyle were only differences of detail; but he felt that he was in a strange land, farther west, among people still more simple than his own flock, and people who loved him no less.

His sermon was a success. Sixpences and shillings rattled into the metal platters which the smug-faced deacons, in their glossy Sunday coats, held at the doors of the chapel. The temple was crowded to its utmost capacity, and handkerchiefs were used freely for fanning ruddy faces or for mopping perspiring foreheads, while peppermint lozenges and smelling-salts were interchanged among friends.

The afternoon was occupied by a second service, in which the mild exhortations of Mr. Martin had a somewhat sleepy sound to those who had dined heavily. Spirits weighed down by roast meat and potatoes, and a regretful conviction that the Sunday joint had been a thought too greasy, joined languidly in prayers and hymns; and there was a sense of relief when the lengthy service came to a close, and the congregation poured out of the oven-like chapel into the sweet fresh air.

Several friends dropped in upon the Miss Weblings after service; some who had known Joshua of old, others who were eager to be presented to him. Mrs. Gibbs, the butcher's wife, in her green watered silk, and with a gold watch—one of the few gold watches known to be extant in Penmoyle—reposing on her portly side, almost the grandest lady in the village. Miss Toothy, from the general shop, who was somewhat eccentric in her attire, but reported wealthy. Mr. and Mrs. Pamble, tenant-farmers of some importance, occupying a square stone house on the outskirts of Penmoyle—large people both, and given to pomposity, as conscious that they had never been a day behind with the half-year's rent, and could afford to trust in Providence when times were bad, having laid by a small fortune before the Peace.

These filled Miss Webling's parlor to overflowing, and taxed the resources of the household in the way of teapots. If Cynthia had been less handy, things could not have gone off so genteelly, and the sisters might have been lowered in the esteem of Mrs. Pamble, who really condescended somewhat in visiting them, by sloppy tea; but Cynthia contrived to have a fresh brew in the every-day crockery teapot ready to replenish that silver vessel which adorned the tray. She brought in the rock-cakes hot, and nestling in a clean napkin, and she was never behindhand with bread-and-butter of the genteelest thinness.

"That's a handy girl of yours, Miss Webling," said Mrs. Pamble approvingly, when the chapel and the day's sermons and the possibilities of the building-fund had been amply discussed.

"And an uncommon good-looking one, too," added the farmer, in his beefy voice. "You won't have her very long, miss, I fancy; some of the young chaps will be wanting her to get married. These here pretty ones go off the hooks so soon."

The spinsters bridled, taking this as in somewise a personal affront. They had been accounted personable in their time, they could have informed Mr. Pamble, though they had not gone off the hooks.

"If she's as sensible as I give her credit for being, she'll be in no hurry to get married," replied Deborah, bridling. "Single life is not without its advantages."

Miss Webling knew that Mrs. Pamble was one of those disagreeable women who are as proud of having secured a husband, and added largely to the population, as if those achievements were novel and remarkable facts in the history of womankind.

"Ah, but they're all glad to get a husband—even the sensiblest of them," chuckled the farmer. "They're all ready to say snip to the first as says snap. It's a feminine failing."

At which vulgar speech Mrs. Pamble and Mrs. Gibbs laughed until their silk gowns, or the rigorous corsets under the gowns, creaked ominously.

Miss Toothy looked daggers. She had never said snip to anybody's snap, and she felt that the conversation was becoming odiously personal.

"Of course, I'm not aluding to ladies like you," said the farmer, perchance, perceiving that he was on dangerous ground, and accenting his speech by a slap on Priscilla's spare shoulder. "You have had your offers and throwed over your sweethearts—you and Miss Deborah and Miss Toothy yonder—but servant-gals and suchlike ain't so particklar. A husband's a husband, to their mind, so long as he's got a hat, and ain't blind or deaf. They wouldn't object to his being dumb, I daresay, for the sake of havin' all the talkin'."

This being an old-established joke, everybody except Joshua laughed heartily.

"She's got very uncommon-colored hair, that gal of yours, Miss Webling," said Mrs. Pamble. "I don't know as I call it pretty for a young woman, though it's very winning in a baby. My Jimmy has hair just that color, and when he is naughty it goes more against me to slap him than it does the dark-haired ones, he's got such an innercent look with him. But I think flaxen hair's rather too simple-like for a young woman, it gives her a foolish look."

"What matter looks, if she is not foolish?" said Joshua, almost sternly. "If you can bring up your daughters to be as sensible and as pious as that servant-girl, you will be a happy woman, Mrs. Pamble; and if God makes them as lovely, pray to Him to give them hearts as pure and minds as innocent as hers."

From any one else such freedom of speech would have offended the farmer's wife, but she had come to see Joshua as a great preacher, and one must expect hard sayings from prophets and privileged persons of that kind. She only sniffed dubiously, and looked at her watch, a homely silver one, which compared disadvantageously with that shining golden timekeeper pendent from Mrs. Gibbs' waistband.

"I'm afraid we must be going," said Mrs. Pamble, as if loth to pronounce a sentence which must naturally afflict the company. "There's th dairy never gets properly looked after unless I'm standing behind that girl of mine."

"Ah," grunted Mr. Pamble, "you women can do nothing without a lot of cackle. Missusses and maids is pretty much alike. There's so much scolding goes on in the dairy I wonder it don't turn the milk. No need for rennet, I should think, when there's women's tongues."

"It isn't the women that sit arguing about nothing for three hours at a stretch in a public-house," observed Mrs. Pamble, as she drew her white Paisley shawl across her robust shoulders, and skewered it on her breast with a large mosaic brooch representing St. Peter's at Rome; and, after this home-thrust, she rose to depart, the farmer meekly following.

These magnates of the land being gone, after leave-takings at once friendly and ceremonious, Miss Toothy discovered that she was wanted at home, having promised her girl an evening out; and Mrs. Gibbs pronounced herself pledged to her domestic in the like manner. So there was a clearance of the smart little parlor, and the Miss Weblings folded their hands and leaned back in their chairs, feeling as exhausted after this unwonted assembly as a lady of fashion when her reception of three or four hundred of the upper ten thousand is over, and life's green curtain falls on the social comedy.

"I hope I was polite to them all, Priscilla," said Deborah, somewhat anxiously; "but I felt a little confused in my head by their all dropping in together. I'm afraid Miss Toothy might feel herself passed over. She's rather hard to draw out; and the Pambles are so lively."

"Miss Toothy hasn't seen much company," replied Priscilla, excusingly. "You can't expect her to be very conversable. But she's a great reader, and knows more about politics and the Royal Family than anybody in Penmoyle. She has friends in London that send her a newspaper every week; and she's got some nice books, too, Mr. Haggard; she lent me the 'Romance of the Forest' last winter, and I read it aloud to Debbie in the long evenings. I don't see any harm in a good novel once in a way, if you take your time over it, and don't loll by the fireside half the day, poking your nose into a book and letting your house go to rack and ruin."

"I have forbidden my daughter to read novels," replied Joshua, finding himself thus directly appealed to, "lest the unrealities she would find in them should give her a false picture of life, and encourage her to form baseless hopes or foolish desires. But when she is married and the mother of a family she may seek amusement for an evening hour in some innocent fiction, and be none the worse for it. And, of course, at your discreet age, Miss Priscilla, an appeal to the imagination can do no harm."

"There never was a more particular man than my father," said Deborah. "He couldn't abide the sight of a book, when once his children had learned to read, except the Bible on Sundays and Dr. Watt's Hymns. He said books about a place were just an encouragement to idleness, and that as long as women had the use of their hands they ought never to waste time in reading. Yet, you see, Priscilla and me wouldn't be as independent as we are if Providence hadn't given us a taste for learning."

Joshua bowed assent. He had been somewhat wearied by the tea-drinking, the fulsome compliments which Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Pamble had paid him, the stuffy atmosphere of the parlor smelling of toast and bread-and-butter. He was yearning for a breath of fresh air.

"I think I'll take a turn in that neat little garden of yours," he said, as if asking permission of the sisters, who both had a drowsy look, and regarded him blinkingly, like owls in a zoological collection.

"Do, dear Mr. Haggard; and try and get an appetite for your supper. You made a very poor dinner."

It was a minor duty of hospitality with the Miss Weblings to pretend to think that their guests had fared badly, just as it was the major duty to press the viands upon a visitor's consideration until he was so obliging as to over-eat himself.

There was no way of reaching the garden save through the kitchen, so to the kitchen Joshua went. The door at the end of the narrow little passage stood open, and the westward fronting casement was shining like a jewel at the end of the vista. The kitchen was newly swept and garnished; no sign of unwashed tea things or broken victuals; the polished grate winking and twinkling in the red light from a neat little fire; the red-brick floor spotless as if it were a floor in a picture; every pot and pan arranged with the grace that belongs to perfect order; a dark-brown jug of roses and seringa on the window-sill; but the figure Joshua had expected to see by the casement was not there. Cynthia had gone for a walk, he thought; had gone to meet and mingle with those other hand-maidens whose privilege it was to enjoy a Sabbath evening ramble; perhaps to keep company—odious phrase—with some rural swain. The idea was repulsive to him. It seemed to him that there was pollution in such contact.

He went through the tiny scullery and out into the garden, which he had surveyed from the window that midsummer evening just a year ago when he bade Cynthia good-bye. There was not much to admire in the garden, perhaps, save for those eyes, which are in the habit of looking at all rustic things as pictures, and which can see a study in brown in an old well and an empty bucket, or a nocturne in purple and gold in a cottage thatch steeped in moonlight. To Joshua, whose only experience of landscape painting had been derived from tea-trays, that sloping bit of garden seemed commonplace enough; even for politeness' sake he would not have gone so far as to say that he thought it pretty, and yet it charmed him somehow; there was a beauty in this vulgar rusticity which he felt, although he could not recognize or understand it.

The picture of grassplot and flower-bed and crooked old apple-trees spreading their gray branches against the yellow sky; the sweet-pea hedge, the stocks, the sweet-williams, the blush-roses, the thymy potherbs; the little thatched shed for the pig yonder in an angle of the hawthorne hedge; the steep bank where the strawberries grew — the homely charm of this picture crept into his heart unawares. He walked slowly across the little grassplot, where a self-sufficing bantam was pecking at imaginary worms in dignified solitude; he ascended the narrow path, which had been cut into steps where the slope was steepest; and on the higher ground by the hedge discovered Cynthia.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE BIRD UNDER MY WINDOW.

BY EUGENE H. MUNDAY.

A little bird under my window—
Prisoned, and curbed of his wing—
Is waking my spirit to gladness,
Trilling his song to the Spring.

He knows not of streams that have riven
Chains of the fierce Winter king,
And, filling the groves with their laughter,
Sparkle a welcome to Spring.

He sees not the sweet, fragile flowers,
Rich in the graces they bring,
Now coyly unveiling their beauties,
Blushing a welcome to Spring.

He hears not the grand choral anthems
Songsters of freedom now sing;
While forest and meadow are waving—
Waving a welcome to Spring.

He sees but the walls of the city,
Hears but the hum and the ring
Of the mart and the loom and the anvil,
Grimly saluting the Spring.

Yet the little bird under my window—
Prisoned, and curbed of his wing—
Is thrilling the air with his carols;
Trilling a welcome to Spring.
Trilling! trilling!
Trilling a welcome to Spring.

A KNOT OF BLUE RIBBON.

BY ETHEL ALLEN.

Ten—twenty—thirty—and a solitary nickle. Two dollars and thirty-five cents. Not a very large sum, you may think, but every cent Jenny had in the world, notwithstanding.

Only two dollars and thirty-five cents! An insignificant trifle, a mere bagatelle! Three years before she had been in the habit of paying more than this for every new pair of gloves—delicately-tinted kid gloves with three pretty buttons. But the dear, delightful days of three-button kid gloves had long since gone by.

Sometimes Jenny thought they would never come back to her again. There used to be silken robes, and exquisite laces, and brilliant jewels in abundance. There *used* to be! Now, only the plainest of fabrics formed her attire; cheap woolen gloves had taken the place of three-button kids.

Jenny slowly gathered together the money that lay in her lap, and put it back into the little, old purse again.

Oh, it was so hard to be obliged to earn one's own living! Other girls had a father and mother to care for them, and perhaps brothers and sisters, too! Would she ever have a home again? She had one once. It was a spacious, elegant home; there were costly carpets on the floors, costly lace before the windows, costly mirrors that reflected the costly toilettes of beautiful women, costly furniture, pictures, statues, bronzes. If she could only forget it all. What good did it do to remember? All that luxury would never be again. Mrs. Carr's boarding house was to be her home henceforth and forever.

But about that two dollars and thirty-five cents. Jenny named over slowly the various articles of which she stood most in need. She must have new shoes, for one thing; it was too late in the season to wear prunella boots with thin soles. She held out her foot and looked at it critically—only a number two, arched and slender. But what was the use of having a pretty foot, if one must be content to wear cheap, ill-fitting shoes all one's life.

And what was the good of a pretty face if one was obliged to appear on the promenade with a forlorn hat crowning one's golden tresses? One might as well be an old maid, with gray hair and wrinkles, instead of but twenty-two, and handsome at that.

The wind came through a crack in the window and fanned the tiny, blue gas jet, so that after a flicker or two, it finally went out altogether. There was no use striking a match; the moonlight fell in long lines on the faded carpet and across the little white bed in the corner. The mellow light kindly hid the defects in the appointments of this little chamber way up in the third story of a second-rate boarding house. The mahogany furniture was, to all appearances, as fresh and free from obnoxious scratches as though just from the hands of the cabinet maker; the inexpensive white muslin curtains were apparently guiltless of darns, and who would have dreamed that the pink ribbons looping them back were faded and stained in three separate places? No pictures relieved the plain, white walls; no paintings, no engravings, not even a family portrait. There was little of ornament in the room; a pink cambric cushion, covered with a lace tidy, and a small cologne bottle or two were all the bureau could boast. Several books lay on the stand by the window, and also on a walnut writing-desk, a copy of the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It might have been considered a very unattractive apartment but for one circumstance—Jenny was there. Where was the room so plainly furnished, so humble, so unpretending, but that Jenny's presence would brighten it? Jenny in worn, plain garments, with old shoes on her little white feet, rumpled collar, and hair in disorder, was still pleasant to look upon. Great blue eyes, golden tresses, delicate complexion, small red mouth—all charming. It was not a silly, baby face, either. The blue eyes could snap and sparkle upon occasion; the red mouth utter cutting rebukes. Jenny had not earned her own living for three long years without learning the ways of the world.

They said she had been a gay, careless, frivolous girl in her youth—I say in her youth, because Jenny, at twenty, felt herself no longer young. She had not been called gay, or careless, or frivolous for many a year; she never would be again. They thought her cold, and haughty, and indifferent now; but they did not know how often her pillow was wet with bitter tears because no one cared for her. "I wish I was a fool, so that people would love me!" she had sighed over and over again. Silly, foolish young girls were always popular.

Sometimes she half-wished she had married Tom Parsons. Not that she loved him, but then it would doubtless have been the correct thing to do under the circumstances. The world would look on approvingly; the world would have caressed, and flattered, and fawned at her feet; there would have been ten friends where there was now one.

It was true her independence, her calm perseverance, her self-reliance, had won the respect of three or four lookers on. It was pleasant to feel she had their respect, but if they only would love her a little. No one seemed to think she cared to be loved. They thought her wrapped up in her music, her scholars, her own private affairs. Invariably calm, dignified, self-possessed, how could they know of her intense longing for their caresses, their love.

Jenny rose and hastily lighted the gas. The moonlight gave her the blues. People with only two dollars and thirty-five cents in their pocketbooks could not afford to sit idle.

She drew down the old-fashioned shades with a jerk, and then turning to the closet, contrived, by standing on tip-toe, to reach a great yellow bandbox, which she carried across the room to the light. Such a forlorn old felt! You could buy one anywhere for one dollar and twenty-five cents. Add a band of rusty black velvet, a poor uncurled ostrich feather, a cheap jet ornament, and you have Jenny's best hat complete.

"I wonder if I should think it pretty if I had never had anything else?" sighed Jenny.

The merry jingle of sleigh bells came up from the snow-covered street below, and now and then a gay laugh floated out on the frosty air. Other girls were happy; other girls had their share of admiration and pleasure; there was no one in the world who cared for her! What mattered it whether her face was fair? Of what use was beauty except to win adoration?

"It's to be only a small party, Miss Jenny. Please say you'll come?" said little May Dollman the next afternoon, looking up pleadingly into her teacher's face.

"You are very kind, dear, but it is a long, long time since I attended a party. I fear I have forgotten how to dance even a plain quadrille You had better invite some one else in my place."

"No; I want you to come. Please promise you will. You needn't dance; you can talk to papa and mamma, and Aunt Hannah, and Cousin Fred."

Jenny bent down and kissed her favorite pupil's sweet childish face.

"Very well, I promise, just to please you, May. Do you expect your guests to come in full dress, dear?"

"Oh, no; any kind of a silk dress will do to wear, Miss Jenny."

"Will you please bring some music, so you can play for us?" she added, a moment later. "Cousin Fred is going to sing, and I guess we can get Minnie Mervine to sing something, too, if we tease hard enough."

"I don't doubt your party will be a great success," said Jenny, rising to go. "Don't come down stairs with me, dear; remember you have a cold. Let me kiss you good-by here."

The massive walnut door of the tall, stately dwelling opened, closed again gently, and Jenny, descending the long flight of steps, gained the icy pavement, drew her shawl closely around her, and faced bravely the rain that had fallen unceasingly ever since early morning. The wind turned and twisted her umbrella, and persisted in treating her skirts in altogether too familiar a manner, and finally capped the climax of its offences by twirling off her hat into a neighboring mud puddle.

But Jenny was not the woman to be discouraged by trifles. Only once did she falter in her homeward walk that night. She was passing an unpretending little house with a bay window in front, the curtains of which were thrust aside so that she caught a glimpse of warm bright tints, of lovely pictures, music, books, glowing coals, and, more than these, a group of laughing children, playing merrily, while father, mother, and silver-haired grandparents witnessed their joy with smiling faces.

And then she went on, the rain beating down upon her, and the wind causing her to shiver with cold. Not for her was the warmth, the sweet pleasures of home; only the wind and the rain were her portion; only the hard realities of life—the dreams had fled forever.

She crept up to her room again after tea to escape the endless chatter of the boarders who had gathered together in the parlor below. Their merry laughter floated up the quiet hall. How gay and happy they seemed to be!

But she must not sit thus idly dreaming by the fire. There was plenty of work to occupy those small white fingers. What should she wear to May Dollman's party? Her black alpaca or her brown merino? Wait! she had forgotten the blue and white striped silk in the bottom of her trunk, where it had lain for years.

Jenny shook out the folds of her one silk dress, and held it up to the light. Yes, it would do to wear to May's party, although the overskirt was somewhat old-fashioned, and fringed out ruchings were not the latest style of trimming. Should she ever forget the last time she wore it? It was not in a small third-story back room that she had donned it then. Mr. Cavanaugh was coming to say good-bye before he sailed for Europe, and she wished to look her prettiest. He had begged the knot of blue ribbon in her hair before he left. What a fool she was to give it to him! He cared nothing for it. He had never come back to her all these years. Men were all alike—out of sight, out of mind, with them.

The Dollmans' parlors were already filled with a merry, happy throng when Jenny tripped up the broad stairs to the dressing-room, two days later. How natural it seemed to stand before a long mirror and arrange the blue bow in her hair. She tried to feel for a moment as if the past three years were but a dreadful dream, and she was still the Jenny Delmaine of old, who had not a care in the world.

"Miss Jenny, ain't you most ready to go down?"

"Yes, dear."

"Cousin Fred is going to sing, and he wants some one to play his accompaniments."

"Very well, I'll play for 'Cousin Fred,'" said Jenny, smiling, and following May into the parlor.

"Miss Delmaine, my cousin, Mr. Cavanaugh."

Jenny bowed gracefully, but the crimson blood rushed to her cheeks, and her heart beat violently.

"Jenny!—Miss Delmaine! I little expected I should meet you here to-night."

He had taken her hand, and was looking down into her face with eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"May, why didn't you tell me Miss Delmaine was coming? How did I know who you meant by Miss Jenny?"

"And how did I know who you meant by 'Cousin Fred?'" added Jenny, with a laugh. "Come, Mr. Cavanaugh, they are waiting for you to sing."

"But I had rather talk to you."

"You can talk afterwards."

"Well, I suppose I must do as you say, but I'll sing the shortest song that I know."

"Come," he said a few minutes later, "will you not give me this waltz?"

Ah, Jenny, did you think you had forgotten how to dance even a plain quadrille? Why there was not a better dancer in all the room than you!

Jenny gazed intently at her face in her small cracked mirror. Did she look pretty? Was the soft white cloud thrown over her golden tresses very becoming indeed? There was a flush on her cheeks, a light in her eyes, a smiling curve to the little red mouth. Oh, it was so nice to be pretty!

Hark! Surely that was the jingle of sleighbells. Fred—Mr. Cavanaugh—had come. Where was her shawl, her muff, her gloves? Ah, the sleighs did not all pass now!

Out on the avenue the street was crowded with gay pleasure-seekers, the lamps flashed upon merry young girls with their stylish, fashionable escorts, grey haired men, elderly matrons, and the sweet faces of happy, innocent children. Even the horses themselves seemed to share the excitement as they arched their beautiful necks, and put to the test their master's ability in the line of John in their frantic attempts to pass one another.

"What makes you so quiet, Jenny? You haven't spoken a word the last half mile."

"But I am enjoying it all so much, Fred. I am almost too happy to speak!"

"Well, then, what can I do to make you miserable? I say, Jenny, that white thing you have on your head is very becoming; it makes you look so fair and your hair so yellow. Give me one of those bits bows on the ends, won't you?"

"You would only lose it if I did. I don't think you are in the habit of preserving knots of blue ribbon."

"Ain't I? See here now," and a tiny blue bow was taken from a great leather pocketbook. "Don't you remember the night you gave me this, Jenny? Do you suppose I would part with it for the world? I shall keep it as long as I live."

There was a bend in the road just beyond. A little this side of the curve, on a bank of snow, near the fence, lay a small evergreen, a discarded Christmas tree, with stiff, irregular branches. It caught the eyes of the spirited bay; there was a sudden plunge, a scream, and the moonlight fell upon the figures of a man and a woman lying silently in the snow by the roadside.

"I am not hurt, Fred! Don't be frightened!"

But he did not speak to her, his face was white as cold death itself.

"Fred, Fred, Oh speak to me! It's Jenny, Fred! Oh, God! he is dead, he is dead!"

The moon came out of a passing cloud and shone brightly upon a dreary stretch of country road, a long line of woods, a motionless figure, a girl with clasped hands, and the blue eyes staring with horror.

From the hollow below there floated the jingle of sleighbells. Nearer and nearer they came. The top of the hill was gained, they reached the curve in the road.

"For God's sake, help! He is dead, he is dead!"

They lifted him gently into the sleigh, and wrapped the buffalo robes around him. It was the work of an instant; there was no time to be lost.

* * * * * *

"Jenny!"

"Yes, Fred!"

"Blue—ribbon——"

The dark eyes closed heavily.

From the great leather pocketbook she drew forth a little box and a knot of blue ribbon.

"Open!"

A tiny gold circle, set with a single jewel, flashed in the dim morning light.

"For—you—"

"Fred, Fred! Oh, how can I live without you!"

"Jenny!"

"My darling!"

"Kiss me—good-bye!"

The morning sun streamed through the windows, and filled the room with a sudden glory. It shone alike on the just and the unjust; the dead and the living.

A MAN IN A FURNISHING STORE.

The strangest sight of all is to see a man enter a ladies' furnishing store to execute some little commission for Mary Jane, who has gone into the country. He steps carefully in at the door, treading as gingerly as though he expected to find innumerable babies lying around under foot, and really looking more bewildered than he would if he had suddenly been transported to the moon. Standing stock-still in the centre of the store, he surveys each counter in turn with a puzzled air; then, as if he had discovered the object for which he is searching, he stalks up to the hosiery department, slowly proceeds to pull from some hidden recess in his innermost coat a huge pocketbook, which he opens, takes out a letter, carefully unfolds it, deliberately reads it through, then hunts through the pocketbook until he finds a little scrap of blue ribbon, and, scrutinizing the face of each lady clerk, finally selects one and informs her that he wants "le—er—yard and, no (consulting the letter), two yards and a half of ribbon (reading from the letter) 'er, two shades darker and a breadth wider than the sample." He is directed to the proper counter, and, after paying for his purchase, packs away ribbon, letter, pocketbook and all, then goes on his way rejoicing; but very likely comes back the next day, for the return mail has brought him word that it was one shade darker and two breadths wider that Mary Jane wanted.

A CHRISTENING CUSTOM.

There is a custom, strictly Scottish, which used to be connected with the preliminaries of the baptism service, and which may occasionally be found in the present day. A young unmarried woman takes the child to church, and she carries in her hand a slice of bread and cheese, with a pin out of the child's dress, which she is bound to give to the first male person she meets. We heard of an amusing incident resulting from this custom. An English duke had arrived in Glasgow on a Sunday, and was wandering in the streets during the time of afternoon service. A young woman came up to him with a child in her arms, and presented a piece of bread and cheese. In vain he protested that he did not know what she meant—that he had nothing to do with her or her child—that he was an entire stranger—that he had never been in Scotland before—that he knew nothing of the usages of the Presbyterian Kirk, being of the Church of England—and that she should give the "piece" to somebody else. The young woman was deaf to all his arguments, and held out authoritatively the bread and the cheese. Thinking, probably, that the lass had not given him credit for what he said, he told her in perfect simplicity that he was the Duke of ——, and that he had just arrived at a hotel, which he named. The answer shut his mouth: "Though you were the king on the throne, sir, ye maun tak' that bread and cheese!"

LOVING AND BEING LOVED.

Perhaps there is no more painful time in a woman's life than the time of transition, when the assiduous lover is passing into the matter-of-fact husband, and the wooer is gradually changing into the master. Women, who are so much more sensitive than men, more sentimental, too, and less content to trust in silence to an undemonstrative affection, are for the most part happy only when they are being made love to. It is not enough to be loved; they want to be told twenty times a day, and to have the harmonies of life enriched by a crowd of "occasional notes," embroidering the solid substance by which they live. Men, on the contrary, get tired of making love. When they have wooed and won, they are content to be quiet, and to take all the rest for granted. They are not cold, however, because they are secure; and to most—and those the best—practical kindness is better than flattery, security ranks before excitement and hysteria, and life passes in serene friendship, fearing no evil, knowing no break, and needing no praising, is better than life passed in a perpetual turmoil of passion, where there are scenes and tears and doubts and broken hearts, if there are not endless courtships and fatiguing demonstrations.

TRAINING CHILDREN.—An ancient physician, when asked his opinion as to the time when a child's education should be commenced, replied: "Begin twenty years before he is born, by training his mother." The old doctor was right. The best inheritance a boy can have is a sensible mother. Unless a child is possessed of a very peculiar disposition, his mother can make him anything she pleases. A mother should aim to lift her children to a higher plane than her own, by giving them more healthful bodies, a wider and more systematic education, and a higher sense of moral responsibility. To accomplish this she must begin when they are very young, and make them, so far as she can, acquainted with the world of nature around them, and always meet their curiosity and developing thoughtfulness with sympathy and attentive respect.

AGRICULTURAL.

SALT FOR ANIMALS.—That salt is beneficial to cattle and horses, when given to them occasionally, cannot be doubted. It is so decided by our most scientific veterinary surgeons, and it has been given to sheep and cows for centuries, as they seem to crave it at times; therefore, let no good farmer abandon the custom.

ONE man starts out in life with a good farm, well stocked, and out of debt. His neighbor buys a farm on credit, and has nothing. Twenty years intervene. The first farm is mortgaged for its value; the other is unencumbered, well-improved, well stocked, good barn and house, with two or three farms attached. In the latter case brains and brawn worked harmoniously together.

NEVER attempt to clean or otherwise disturb a horse while he is feeding, unless you want to provoke him to bite or kick. When you clean him, take him out of the stall, unless there is plenty of room for the operation. Tie the horse in the centre of the stall, unless you want him to drive more on one rein than on the other. Horses that are in the habit of casting themselves in their stalls should be tied with the neck halter, as this gives much more freedom of the head than the nose-halter.

HUNGARIAN GRASS.—Hungarian grass or millet makes excellent hay if cut before the seed ripens. Sow from the last week in May to June 10th, at the rate of half a bushel of seed to the acre, and it will be ready to cut in August. Sometimes three or four tons of hay are grown per acre, and it never injures stock if cut when the seed just assumes its full form. It may be sown earlier, but it requires quick vegetation to grow up ahead of wild grasses and weeds, which early sowing does not always effect.

A VERY important duty of the poultry breeder is to see that his chicks are free from vermin. Sprinkle sulphur continually over the chickens, roosts, and houses—the latter two occasionally washed with kerosine. If you find the slightest symptoms of the presence of vermin, get rid of them immediately. Sometimes careless breeders will lose whole sittings of eggs simply by not occasionally sprinkling the hens and nests with sulphur or other good insect powder, and the poor hens, unable to stand the dreadful pests, have forsaken their nests.

GRAPE VINES.—Don't leave your grape vines untrained to their trellises till the buds are grown, so as to be liable to be broken off in tying them up, and avoid pruning them after the sap flows freely. Pruning should always be done in the fall. There is no better way to train grape vines than the fan-shape system, with the canes extended like the ribs of an open fan. Stakes are not suitable for garden vines nor for vineyard culture, only when one cannot go to the expense of a trellis. Some of our thrifty growing varieties, as the Concord, must have a trellis about eight feet high, and ten feet would be still better. Wire or wooden bars about eighteen inches apart, starting eighteen inches from the ground, should be used; but the wires, even of large size, are cheaper than wood, where clear pine, well dressed, is used. Posts for trellises should be sawed on a bevel, with the parts that go into the ground larger than the tops of them. Never purchase old vines, as they never recover their natural vigor; vines two years old are the best. The Concord is the surest to grow and give satisfaction in all localities, except in some very cold climate, of any grape that now exists. The Hartford Prolific is a week earlier, but it is not so good a grape as the Concord.

GRAFTING WAX is made in two ways and for two purposes, the one for applying cold, and the other in a melted state. For grafting the tops of large trees, the first is used to advantage; for root grafting or in the nursery, the latter is handiest, fastest, and best. The first is made of equal parts of rosin and beeswax and one-half tallow; a little turpentine—say two large spoonfuls to two and one-half pounds of grafting wax; melt it slowly and let it simmer one hour to toughen it; be careful not to let it boil over, or it may burn your house up; when done, pour the whole mass into cold water, grease your hands, and work it as molasses candy; form it in long rolls, and it will keep for years; this is handy to have about to put on cuts and wounds of valuable trees or shrubs; it is also a good salve for man or beast. The other kind is made more cheaply. To one pound of rosin take one-half pound of tallow; put into the grafting pot and melt slowly—the longer the better—and it is ready for use; this is put on with a small brush, when hot; I have dipped the whole graft in the boiling pot, and it grew. In waxing the root grafts, leave one side unwaxed, so the string can rot; be careful on this point, as a waxed string will not rot for two years, and so would cut the tree in two. Above the ground the whole is waxed, and the string cut in midsummer.—*Fruit Recorder.*

I HAVE FOR MANY YEARS PAST USED IN MY OWN FAMILY, and recommended to the families of my congregation, as the best remedy I know of for Coughs, Colds and Incipient Consumption, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and also Jayne's Sanative Pills as a remedy for Costiveness, Biliousness and Impurity of the Blood. My confidence in the great value of these medicines, increases the longer I use them, and observe their wonderful health-restoring effects. They have given universal satisfaction in all the families to whom I have recommended them.—*Rev. Dr. Dowling, late Pastor of Berean Baptist Church, New York.*

FACETIÆ.

At the Division Court in Toronto, Canada, a witness was under examination in the case of an unpaid account. Judge Boyd put the question to him:

"What is your occupation?"

The witness did not seem to understand the meaning of the "occupation," and answered:

"Eh?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, my wife's a dressmaker."

REASON ENOUGH.—They were sitting together, he and she, and he was arduously thinking what to say. Finally he burst out with:

"In this land of noble achievements and undying glory, why is it that women do not come more to the front? why is it they don't climb the ladder of fame?"

"I suppose," said she, putting her finger in her mouth, "it's all on account of their pull-backs."

And then she sighed, and he sighed, side by side.

A GENTLEMAN observed an urchin who had a large slice of bread in his hand, and who was crying very bitterly.

"My son," he exclaimed, "what are you crying about?"

"Mother won't—boo-hoo-oo—put any butter on my bread—boo hoo-oo!"

"Oh, is that all?" said the gentleman. "Come, dry up your tears, and be a man."

"It ain't so much the butter," retorted the little urchin; "it's the disposition of the old woman."

A LITTLE girl braids the hair of one who sits in front of her, instead of studying, when the teacher remarks:

"Home is the place for arranging the hair, not here. What would you think of my braiding my hair in school?"

Presently Susan's hand is raised, and the teacher, supposing she wishes to ask some question about the lesson, nods, when she hears the following:

"Mary says your hair is false, and that you wouldn't dare to do it here."

A STRAY CURL.

It hung o'er her shoulders divinely,
A curl of magnificent gold;
I thought, as it lay there supinely,
Of tresses that German girls sold.
I envied the curl so reposing,
Like sunshine or ambient pearl,
But, while I was dreamily dozing,
It fell with a quivering whirl—
And that curl—ah! my dream was then ended—
It lay there aghast on the floor,
While its owner in ignorance wended,
Mid silence, her steps to the door.

A GENTLEMAN who held a responsible position under the government at Washington, concluded to change his lodgings. He sent one of the waiters of the hotel where he had selected his apartments after the baggage. Meeting the waiter an hour or two afterward, he said:

"Well, John, did you bring my baggage down?"

"No, sar," blandly responded the sable gentleman.

"Why, what's the reason?"

"Case, sar, the gentleman in de office say you ain't paid your bill."

"Not paid my bill! Why, that's singular. He knew me very well when he kept the Girard House in Philadelphia."

"Well," rejoined John, thoughtfully, scratching his head, "mebbe dat was de reason why he wouldn't give me de baggage."

THE other evening a young lady abruptly turned the corner and very rudely ran against a boy who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said:

"I beg your pardon. Indeed, I am very sorry."

The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant, then, taking off about three-fourths of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered:

"You can hev my parding, and welcome, miss, and yer may run agin me and knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word."

After the young lady passed on, he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically:

"I never had any one ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."

HE got home about two o'clock A. M. from looking at the Centennial through a glass. He was very careful to make no noise, and especially particular to lock and bolt the front door, as she was first up in the morning, and being timid, was sure to look at the fastenings. At breakfast she said to him:

"Drunk again, last night?"

"Drunk!" he ejaculated, with well-assumed amusement.

"I didn't know but that you were. I noticed the front door was open."

"Open!" he again ejaculated, this time with genuine astonishment, "it still with confidence. "I don't see how that can be, for I both locked and bolted it."

"Yes," she said, dreamily, "it was both locked and bolted, but about six inches open."

The unhappy man groaned.

MONEY WELL INVESTED.

Traveling somewhat extensively through this country for the first time a few years since, the writer was strongly and not pleasantly impressed with the prevailing dreariness of country homesteads. Leaving almost any city, for a few miles in the suburbs, elegant, or neat and tasteful residences made the landscape attractive; then for a long stretch of miles, where the "lords of the soil" reigned supreme, dinginess, carelessness and general scragginess were prominent features.

Nature's ornaments, the grand old trees, had been succeeded by unsightly blackened stumps; worm fences wriggled around the dwellings, the buildings were unpainted, except where weather-imps had sportively stained and spattered the roof and sides with indescribable hues and patterns. Here and there some thrifty and thoughtful settler had carried his remembrances of the bright eastern homestead, and his well-painted cottage and pleasant, though perhaps homely garden, surrounded with neat palings, shone conspicuously by contrast.

Suppose, as often occurs, the reader were in search of a home in such a section. To which style would he be first attracted? To say nothing of one's own pleasure in such surroundings, and their influence on the family, making them *home-loving* and refined, what would be the money value of a few cheaply-made improvements? A shrewd operator of our acquaintance has made a respectable fortune by purchasing good but unattractive properties, adding such adornments and selling to admiring customers. We believe that hundreds who want to "sell out" could get more than their present price with the help of a few gallons of paint—and speaking of paint, we count the Averill Paint Company real benefactors for having placed their excellent and serviceable manufactures of every desirable color and tint within the reach of every house-owner, both in price and in ease of application. We hope at no distant day to go over the same route that suggested these thoughts, and to mark an improvement that shall speak well for the increasing prosperity of the people, and (perhaps) the influence of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A LESSON FOR ALL.

Miss Florence Nightingale recently wrote to the treasurer of a fund for the establishment of a training ship, sending a contribution, to use her language:

"Though but a poor mite, the utmost I can afford, £10, for the purpose, believing as I do that these training-ships leave a much better legacy to the country in these dispauperized subjects and well-trained sailor boys than if, as Lord Shaftesbury said, we left a legacy of £100,000, though I wish I had it to leave for such a purpose. Every so trained and so dispauperized boy is a bequest to England worth making."

It is a bequest worth making to any country. And just here is a lesson for all of us. We may not have even £10 to give to a good cause; but who is so poor, so humble, so devoid of talent, that he cannot contribute some personal service towards putting in the way of an honest and useful life some neglected youth, or cannot help some unfortunate man or woman struggling in the toils of temptation and of sin? This kind of giving is nobler than the other, which *may* be very selfishly and aimlessly done. There are vastly more who are willing to give money than there are of those who are willing to give personal aid; and there are many who, not having money, will give nothing. This may arise from indifference, or from a false idea that only the rich can do good. It is to be feared that the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is very often raised in the mind, although seldom audibly expressed.

HANGING BASKETS.

An old fig-drum or a salt-box can be converted into a lovely hanging-basket by drilling holes in three places, to pass wires through, and then nailing upon the outside strips of bark, pine cones or dry mosses; and you will possess a rustic basket which can be suspended from the trees, or porch, or piazza, and will grow in beauty daily. If you are so fortunate as to live in the vicinity of a saw-mill or a tan-yard, you can easily procure mossy oak or hemlock bark, and these, mingled with the pliable stems of wild-grape vines, will afford you rustic work which will be the admiration of every one.

Take any old shallow box of the dimensions you may desire, or make one that flares out at the sides, and cover it with strips of the bark, joined neatly, and tightly nailed on. Finish the top with a strip of bark around the edge, and glue on moss here and there to give it a pretty effect. Then use the grape-vine for handles, twisting two or three of them together, and you will have a handle of Nature's own handiwork, over which you can train vines, while in the box can be planted all kinds of basket plants, such as ivy, geraniums, variegated sweet alyssum, tradescantia, money-wort, tropeolums, etc.

Window-boxes can be made to fit into any window in this manner, and when filled with charcoal at the bottom, and a rich sandy loam, and planted with bedding-out plants or annuals, like asters or balsams, they are a lovely ornament for months to come.

Beautiful hanging baskets can also be made out of the bark and grape-vines, taking a square bit of the bark for the bottom of the basket, and building up the sides, log-cabin fashion, out of the pieces of grape-vine, sawed into equal lengths, and fastened strongly at the end with wire or shingle nails. A curved piece of the vine can be made to do duty for a handle.—*Daisy Eyebright, in N. Y. Independent.*

WHEN TO BURN GARDEN RUBBISH.

Whether this is the best time to burn garden rubbish is a question susceptible of considerable discussion, but it is the popular season. Great care should be taken in the composition of the burning heaps. If there are no old rubbers handy, a length of oilcloth makes a very good substitute. There is, of course, nothing that emits the peculiar flavor of burning rubber, unless it is hair; but hair is too costly to be considered for a moment. A piece of old oilcloth about three feet or so in length, subjected to a slow flame, can be smelled by the most ordinary nose the distance of three or four gardens, and to many it is just as satisfying as burning rubber. It is best that the man should gather the rubbish. This is so evident as to be not worthy of any discussion. A woman with a long-handled rake is more dangerous than a wet cellar. What rubbish she gets together scarcely compensates for the damage to the rake, or to herself, or to anyone who happens to be in the same yard at the time, and is too gallant or too helpless to take the nearest fence at a flying leap. The crowning performance is when she has got her skirts inextricably tangled up with the implement. She then goes into the house, leaving the rake at the foot of the back stoop, with the teeth upward.—*Danbury News.*

CAMEL-BACK.

Mounting the camel is not difficult, but it has some sweet surprises. The camel lies upon the ground, with all his legs shut up under him like a jack-knife. You seat yourself in the broad saddle, and cross your legs in front of the pommel. Before you are ready something like a private earthquake begins under you. The camel raises his hindquarters suddenly, and throws you over his neck; and before you recover from that he straightens up his knees and gives you a jerk over his tail; and while you are not all certain what has happened, he begins to move off with that dislocated walk which sets you into a sea-saw motion, a waving backwards and forwards in the capacious saddle. Not having a hinged back fit for this movement, you lash the beast with your koorbash to make him change his gait. He is nothing loth, and starts into a high trot, which sends you a foot into the air at every step, bobs you from side to side, drives your backbone into your brain, and makes castanets of your teeth. Capital exercise.

The Offspring of Dyspepsia.

No class of invalids are more to be commiserated than the dyspeptic, since the malady from which they suffer is the parent of a more numerous offspring of tormenting symptoms than any other disease. On the other hand, they are to be congratulated that there is a potent, safe and agreeable botanical remedy for all the torture that they undergo. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters powerfully invigorates the cellular tissue of the stomach, thus promoting an adequate secretion and flow of the digestive juices, vitalizes the shrunken and debilitated lining of the stomach, directs the bile into its true channel, and stimulates the inactive bowels and dormant liver. These radical effects are accompanied with the restoration of appetite, flesh, and sound repose, and the removal of flatulence, heart-burn, nausea, palpitation of the heart, vertigo, high colored and scalding urine, water brash, headache, and many other harrassing symptoms of dyspepsia.

WITHOUT DELAY

Is the great secret of good health and longevity. We are all at times liable to become constipated, livers grow inactive and our blood sluggish. Allow these dangerous symptoms to continue unchecked and Bilious Fever will ensue, and either death or protracted illness will surely be the result. All this can be prevented by the timely use of Dr. SCHENK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

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BARNEY'S GREAT HIT.

Barney Williams made his first appearance at the Olympic Theatre, New York, as *Moss*, and of the event the following anecdote is told: Barney had not spoken a dozen words in his new *role* before the audience of boys, most critical, saw that he had made a great mistake, and, as was the fashion in those days, they told him so on the spot. Barney did not heed their impertinent criticisms at first, for he thought he was acting the part nobby. He got through the first act and the second, but no more, for towards the end of the second act the audience became so noisy that the player was obliged to give up. They cried out, saying, "Barney, you can't do the New York boy," "Go back and stick to your tools," &c. He was almost hooted off the stage. When the curtain rose for the last act the scenery had been changed, and instead of continuing the performance of *Moss* Barney appeared in one of his popular Irish plays in which he had previously been most successful. He was instantly greeted with thunders of applause. Those who had been loudest in their denunciations of the actor, while he persisted in the *role* he had just undertaken, now went almost wild in their enthusiasm for him in his old character. This was the turning-point in the young actor's career.

To Housekeepers.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of *Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.* They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive. Meats, soups, etc., may be greatly improved by Burnett's Extract of Celery.

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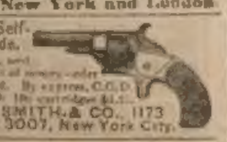

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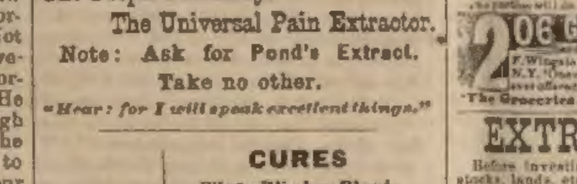

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THE BOUDOIR.

It is whispered by that untiring little bird who brings "all the news," that there is a quiet struggle for supremacy in style going on in the Capital of Fashion's realm—Paris, *of course*—between certain prominent leaders in the great army of modistes. One side wishes to revive, in all available details, the fashions of a century gone by. The other is trying to gain vantage ground for an entirely modern style. So they pull one way and another, both having warm and lukewarm adherents, the warm adopting the style *they* advocate and repudiating the other—for a time. The lukewarm, varying after their custom—to-day in this, to-morrow in that—while sensible people take a middle course, selecting the most becoming costumes from all offered, and avoiding a partizan spirit. Of course, in America, we will do as the last mentioned class are doing. Free spirits are untrammeled even by modistes, or they ought to be in the Centennial year, at all events. We chronicle these bits of gossip as they come to us, thinking that they may not prove unacceptable, since although but straws, they show which way the fashionable winds point. To our costumes now. The polonaise is surely returning to its wonted hold upon the favor of a discriminating feminine public. The shapes shown are not, after all said upon the subject, very different from those worn a year or two since. The long shoulder-seams and general drapery are the only distinguishing features. For traveling suits, we can very highly commend them. One that we saw in brown cashmere will serve as a good model. It was made long—very long—in the back and front, and looped high on the sides. The bottom was hemmed, having three rows of machine stitching around it. The back had the long shoulder seams. The front buttoned down to the very hem, with smoked pearl buttons of a brown and new tint. On each side of the front were deep, pointed pockets, bound by a bias piece stitched through with three rows of machine work. These pockets have three button holes wrought or bound with silk, on the flaps, and three buttons on the pockets, to which the flap was attached by means of the button-holes. A deep collar with Byron points, turned over, completed the neck. The sleeves are half tight-fitting, and have deep, square cuffs, with buttons and button-holes. This will be the pattern most generally used, we are informed, varied in some instances by having only one deep parasol pocket on the right side, instead of the two smaller ones on each side.

In costumes, we saw a charming reception toilette of violet-colored silk combined with a clear silver-gray damasse overdress, which had a fine vine of embroidery in violet silk and silver-gray around the edge and on the waist and sleeves giving a rich effect. The underskirt, of the violet-colored silk, was made with a long train, and had the triple box-plait for a back width, which has retained its popularity for indoor toilettes. On the front and side widths was a deep, plaited flounce, with every sixth plait made of the damasse. The overdress was long and clinging, and cut à la Juive. The vine of embroidery we mentioned outlining the bib, the opening, and down the sides, and edging the bottom, where there was also a very rich fringe of violet and silver. The under-bodice was of violet silk, as were the sleeves—the latter had deep cuffs of the damasse. A standing collar of damasse finished the neck. A deep pocket of damasse, lined with violet silk and having the top turned over so as to display the lining, also having knots of violet and silver ribbon at the top and bottom, was placed low down and far back upon the right side.

A walking costume of wine colored silk—a dark shade of wine color, port wine, in fact—had a narrow flounce at the bottom, then a wider one; both gathered then two upright frills. The overdress had a deep front, caught up in folds, high on the left side. The right had the deep pocket in vogue. The back was disposed in puffs, with a wide sash meandering (we can find no other word to express its wanderings) in and out very gracefully, finally ending in a double bow and hanging ends below the last puff, about fourteen inches from the edge of the skirts. The cuirass basque had the long shoulder-seams, and a pretty arrangement of frills, etc., on the skirt of the centre pieces. The sleeves were trimmed from the elbow down, with a succession of frills. Cream colored tie and cream-tinted crepe lisse ruffles for neck and sleeves were worn with this dress, and with good effect.

A simpler walking-suit was of brown de-bege—light brown and a darker shade. The dark for underskirt, with a bias flounce twelve inches deep, edged top and bottom with a bias stripe of the light color. The overdress was of the light color, as was the sleeveless cuirass. The sleeves of dark brown; also the pockets and collar. The trimming on the overskirt consisted of two bias folds of the dark stitched on by machine.

A neat hat to accompany this suit was of light brown chip or English straw, with the front rim bent down and the left side turned up. A scarf of pale and dark brown is passed around the crown, having upright loops behind. A cluster of apple blossoms at the back and under the edge.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A new tie in open work soft silk, shown in all colors and fringed at the ends is much worn.

In trimmings and toilette *adjuncts* generally, the favorite cream tint prevails.

An effort is being made to revive bustles or small tournures. A French correspondent terms them ghosts of tournures as yet.

Striped mohair suits are much worn, and are stylish when happily combined with a suitable plain color.

The Centennial color for traveling suits is brown. Take notice, all who intend to visit Philadelphia.

Smoked pearl buttons have returned to favor.

Dark blue percale is being largely used by first-class furnishing houses for summer suits—trimmed with bands of plaid, white and blue or white and black.

Spanish lace for scarfs comes with a border woven in, and is a great improvement on the former method of sewing on the edge.

Half kerchiefs of fine, sheer linen cambric, edged with deep, cream-tinted Valenciennes lace, are much worn by the fashionable belles of this '76.

Hats are worn set very far back, but pray do not go to the extreme of hanging them on the edge of your Grecian coils, fair friends.

Parasols are shown covered with cream colored guipure lace.

Centennial sets of jewelry in frosted silver, and having the Main Building in relief upon the metal, are very popular.

Gauze goods of shaded tints are popular for summer wear.

Gloves are wrought up the back in color to match costumes.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

According to our method of combining the useful and ornamental, we will give directions how to make the new Pauline dress for little children of both sexes, from two to four years of age. The model is of pique, and can be imitated in any other fabric. The quantity of material required is four and a half yards or a little less if the child be small. The front is cut Gabrielle. The sides are laid in kilt-plaits, and the skirt, from the second gore or side-piece, is separate from the waist. The latter ends in basque tabs, which in front fall away from the centre-piece, giving the appearance of a slit front. The skirt at the back and sides, as we before said, is separate from the waist, and is sewed on to a low-necked underwaist of muslin; this renders it easy to tie a sash around the front and under the basque ends at the back. The basque back buttons up. A flounce of embroidered cambric edges the bottom of the skirt, and a second one crosses the first five inches above the lower one. A narrower flounce or frill edges the basque ends, and two still narrower ones trim the sleeves near the wrist. A standing frill edges the neck. Two deep pockets are placed on each side of the front; they are laid in pleats, turning one way. We can furnish the pattern for this very pretty suit for thirty-five cents and stamps for mailing it.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. A. J. F., Morrisville, N. Y.—Sent pattern on 25th inst.

MRS. S. A. HEMBERT.—Sent the pattern desired on 26th inst.

ANNETTE VINCENT.—We can very readily sympathize with your bewilderment over such an *embarras de richesse*—three new silk dresses, and all at the same time. What a very good girl you must have been to have merited them. To commence with the most useful one, the black silk, we advise you to make it with a deep overskirt, trimmed with a knife-pleating of the same, made narrow, and used as heading to a fringe; deep parasol pocket on the right side; cuirass back and half-tight sleeves. For the brown silk we recommend a brown or ecru damasse overdress, made *à la Juive*, that is, sleeveless, and having a sort of bib front and back; not closing under the arms, but remaining open down to the hips; we can furnish the pattern for fifty cents and stamp for postage. Make up your striped silk over a plain silk of the shade of the stripe; have flounce on lower skirt; very deep overskirt, looped higher on the right side than on the left, or *vice versa*; sleeves and collar cuffs and pockets of the plain silk. Let us hear from you again. NIMON.

DECORATION DAY.

BY MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

What is this solemn sound we hear?
It breaks upon a nation's ear
Like ocean's sob upon the shore,
The wail of storms whose wrath is o'er;
From every lofty mountain grand
It swells and rolls through all our land.

A country mourning o'er its slain,
Who gave their lives—and not in vain—
Since in its heart their mem'ry blooms
Fresh as these flowers upon their tombs;
Their toil is o'er, their labors cease,
In war they died—but died for peace.

They bravely fought and nobly fell,
And Fame their glorious deeds shall tell;
Where she decrees a crown of bay
No power on earth her hand can stay,
And on these graves a wreath is laid
No storm can change, no time can fade.

Where she has placed this deathless crown
Let woman cast her roses down,
And Love and Fame together stand,
A guard of honor hand in hand,
Around these graves where heroes lie
Who fought for right, nor feared to die.

COLLIDED.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

The gold fever in New South Wales, which was at its heighth some twenty years ago, had taken hold upon me and induced me to resign my position as chief-mate of the Laughing Water, then lying at Port Jackson, and try my luck at the diggings. But the glowing accounts I had heard of the auriferous fields, and the large fortunes rapidly acquired thereon, I soon found, to my cost, to be highly exaggerated. I got so disgusted with "the fickle goddess" after about six weeks severe labor—minus any other result than that of rendering myself penniless—that I abandoned my claim and sinking and tramped back to Sydney. Like Tennyson's swallow, I was "Nature's licensed vagabond;" I had neither kith nor kin and little cared I whither I roamed—the world was my home and though many of its chambers were cold and dark, I had found some cosey corners in it. Sailors were scarce in Sydney and I had but little difficulty in obtaining the position of chief officer on board a trim, clipper-built English iron barque, named the Osprey, then almost ready to sail for Singapore.

The skipper of the Osprey was named Barlow, and it was his custom to carry with him on his voyages his motherless daughter and the sister of his deceased wife. Mrs. Mary Mason was a pretty, buxom widow with red lips, rosy cheeks, and a pleasant smile, while her niece was, according to my idea, the very personification of feminine perfection. Bessie Barlow was about eighteen—her aunt could not have been more than one decade her senior—she was rather above the medium height and her figure was sylph-like, though by no means minus the charm of fullness. Her carriage was queenly, her face as it peeped from under a wide-brimmed sun-hat reminded me of Gainsboro's "Chapeaux brigand." Her features were delicate and regular, her soft eyes tinted like a summer sky, seemed to shed light and love where'er she gazed, and an anchorite would have been tempted to forego his asceticism if offered a kiss from her rosy lips. Yellow as noon-day sunbeams was the cascade of hair that rippled over her shapely shoulders and fell in a veil of splendor far below her dainty waist. Captain Barlow was rather a bluff old "sea-dog," but he was a fine, hearty fellow and an excellent seaman.

A fair, fresh breeze was blowing as we flashed the Osprey's anchor, squared the yards and went bowling merrily out of Sydney harbor. The wind held steady until we encountered a rather severe gale off Carpentaria; but the "blow" was not of long duration, and we only sustained the loss of a few of the older sails. As we crept northward, however, the breeze gradually died utterly out of existence, and we lay idly like "a painted ship upon a painted sea" for several weeks—weeks that were weary enough to all save me. As a rule, I had been accustomed to hate "the doldrums" with all the intensity of a sailor; but I'm afraid when I whistled for wind during that long calm my heart was not in my call, for my acquaintance with the two ladies had ripened into friendship—indeed I fancy that my feelings towards the younger of the pretty pair were somewhat warmer than can be expressed by that mere sociable word. Once or twice when sitting upon the cabin skylight, shielded from the hot sun rays by an awning, she "tatting," I reading passages from her favorite poets, when I looked up suddenly and caught her eyes beaming upon me, I was vain enough to fancy that there was a new light in them—the lustre of love.

At last the long-looked-for breeze came sweeping down and the white sails of the bonny barque filled out before it, while the merry spray flashed and shone as her sharp prow cut the waves asunder.

"I'm going to call in at Coepang and buy a few ponies. You can get the little fellows for a mere song there and the Timor ponies always fetch a good price in the Straits settlements," said Captain Barlow, as together we were making up the day's work one brilliant afternoon.

"All right, sir; we've got 'flemish horses' and 'stirrups,' 'cruppers,' 'saddles,' 'belly-bands' and 'bitts' in plenty aboard; I don't see why we should not carry a deck load of ponies," I replied.

The skipper laughed at my poor, technical witticism; but I was internally joyous, for I calculated that Miss Barlow would certainly wish to go ashore at the first port we touched at, even though there was not a milliner's shop on the island of Timor.

"Keep her as close to the wind as you can, Mr. Taylor, the course is north by east, half east," I said to the second mate shortly after midnight when he relieved me, "and I think that squall to leeward is working up this way; better watch it, it looks all rain, but may have some wind in it," I added.

Then I went below. Before I went to sleep I heard Taylor order the royals, gaff, top-sail and flying-jib to be stowed, and just as I was dozing off I felt the vessel heel and heard the rain pattering upon the deck above my cabin as the squall struck us. I knew that there was no force in it—sailors have an intuitive knowledge of such things—so I sank to slumber and was in the second heaven of bliss, dreaming I was cantering over the plains of Timor with Bessie by my side.

I was suddenly aroused from my pleasant vision by a shock that threw me out of my bunk. As I struggled into my pants I heard the crash of falling spars, and knew we were in collision with something—rock or ship, I knew not.

I sprang upon deck, and, though half blinded by the rain that was falling in torrents, saw a large vessel, apparently a heavy Siamese lorcha, sheer off and fade from view.

"Chips, sound the pumps!" I cried, as I ran forward to ascertain the exact amount of damage done.

We had only sustained the loss of our jib-boom, port cat-head and fore top-gallant mast, and I thought the accident slight until I heard the captain's voice ring out:

"Lay aft, all hands! Lively, my lads! Out boats!"

The carpenter's report had told him we had lost an iron plate by the collision, and the Asprey was rapidly filling.

We had two good quarter boats hanging in the davits, and all that was needed to do prior to lowering them was to cut the lanyards of the gripes and swing the davits outboard. Kegs of water were always kept in them, and a small supply of biscuit.

"Put the ladies in the starboard boat; send steady men in her; you take charge of the other. Hurry up! She's lost a plate forward, and will go down inside of five minutes," the skipper whispered in my ear.

Tenderly as possible I lifted Mrs. Mason and Bessie into the stern-sheets of the boat—I returned the gentle pressure of the latter's fingers, that perchance I might never touch again. Then I bade two men jump in to cast off the tackles when the boat touched water, and gave the order to lower away. The captain was below, gathering charts and nautical instruments together; the second-mate was lowering the port boat.

"Lay off a little, my lads, until the skipper's ready," I said, when the ladies' boat was fairly afloat and manned. Then I went over to the other side. A sheave had broke in one of the davit blocks, and the port boat was hanging midway between the sea and rail. The tackle would not overhaul, so I ordered it to be cut. As a sailor sprang to execute the mandate, I felt the Osprey shiver and start forward. I knew the end had come—the next dive would engulf her.

"Look out, boys! Jump clear of the suction," I cried. Then, as I sprang to the starboard side, I yelled "Pull away! Pull away!"

I saw the crew in the boat obey my directions as I plunged into the sea. Rising quickly to the surface, I had taken but two strokes toward the boat when I heard a roar; the waters circled about me and drew me down. I was swirled hither and thither in the vortex; I was powerless as a child. But life is sweet, especially to a drowning man, and I was a strong swimmer. I fought with the sea god in his own domain, and at length, blinded and half exhausted by my efforts, I rose and breathed the air of heaven again. Before I had regained my sight, I felt strong hands grasp me and pull me bodily into the boat. For a few moments I remained helpless, speechless; then I asked—"Where are the others?"

"All gone, I fear, sir!" answered Chips.

For several hours we hovered about where the gallant barque had sunk to her grave in the coral depths. We hallooed ourselves hoarse, but no response rang out, only the hissing of the rain and the constant moan "Papa! Papa!" from poor Bessie's lips.

The squall passed over, the rain ceased to fall, and when dawn lit up the eastern sky we found ourselves alone upon the pulsing bosom of the sea, with not a thing in sight—no land, no sail, and but little hope of salvation in our hearts. Soon the sun arose from his azure couch and gilded the swelling ocean with his lurid rays. We had no compass in the boat, and not a solitary nautical instrument by which the boat's position could be accurately determined; but I knew we could not be more than ninety miles distant from Timor, Coepang being in latitude 10° south; longitude 158° east (of Washington), so when a light breeze sprang up shortly after sunrise we stepped the mast, hoisted sail and scudded in the direction which I judged by the sun Timor must lie. The wind held, and we ran rapidly along, the wavelets curling before the bows of our little boat. It was intensely hot at noon, but I served out water sparingly, for I knew not how long it might take us to reach land if the breeze dropped. The men were very obedient, and, though disappointed on account of the loss of so many of their late comrades, seemed to be hopeful of rescue. Bessie's grief was so overwhelming that she seemed utterly apathetic, and I did not attempt to console her, thinking it best to let her sorrow have full sway.

Two days and nights we sailed along in our frail craft, and then land came in sight. I knew it must be Timor, and so I ran around the southwestern point, and was able to make out Coepang by seeing a vessel at anchor in the roads. We ran alongside of her, and she proved to be a Dutch brig bound to Acheen; her skipper kindly offered to touch at Singapore and land us in consideration of my giving him an order for our passage-money on the consignees of the Osprey at that port. We arrived there without further mishap, and, as Mrs. Mason and Bessie took passage in a vessel bound for London, I shipped as second-mate aboard the same craft. Bessie had recovered her spirits in a great measure before we rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and one moonlight night when we were becalmed on the equator, she consented to become my wife. I went another voyage, and then, obtaining command of the vessel, I claimed my love, and she came to me as a bride.

THE CATHOLIC MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

At the intersection of Fountain avenue and the Avenue of the Republic in the Exposition grounds stands the magnificent Memorial Fountain, erected by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. In the centre is a large rock-mound surmounted by a colossal marble statue of Moses sixteen feet high. Water gushes forth from numerous crevices in the mound, and falls into a circular marble basin forty feet in diameter. The coping wall of this basin is divided into panels, into which are sculptured life-sized medallion heads of the following Catholics who participated in our Revolutionary struggle: 1st, Lafayette, the friend of Washington; 2d, Count de Grasse, commander of the French fleet, which assisted in bringing about the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown; 3d, Kosciuzko, the Polish patriot, who fought nobly for the colonies; 4th, Geo. Meade, the grandfather of General Geo. G. Meade, and partner of Thomas Fitzsimons—when the American army was starving at Valley Forge he subscribed $5,000 to buy clothing for the soldiers; 5th, Count Pulaski, another native of Poland, who fell fighting for the colonial cause; 6th, Col. Stephen Moylan, commander of the celebrated Moylan's Dragoons and one of Washington's special aids, and 7th, Orono, the chief of the Penobscot Indians of Maine, who held a commission in the Continental army.

Stretching from the basin is a large granite platform, 100 feet in diameter, in the shape of a maltese cross. Upon each arm of the cross stands a beautiful marble pedestal twelve feet high, the sides of which are ornamented with carved lion's heads, out of the mouths of which water flows into basins below. Upon these four pedestals stand four colossal marble statues—each nine feet high—of Commodore John Barry, the father of the American navy; of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; of Rev. John Carroll, his cousin, one of the commissioners of the Continental Congress to Canada, and Father Matthew, the Catholic advocate of Temperance.

The total cost of the fountain is $53,000. The object in erecting it is to commemorate the services of the heroes of the Revolutionary war. It will be dedicated to American liberty upon July 4th next, in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence.

THE CATHOLIC MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

The name of the Director-General of the Centennial Exhibition is pronounced Goe-horn, not Gosh-orn. That is, you simply sound the "horn."

Tennyson is reported to be at work on an ode to the Prince of Wales on his return from India. He will have to make a pretty big ode to get in all the elephants and tigers the Prince shot.

A down country subscriber wants to know when the season for shooting New Jersey editors opens. Unless the game laws of that State have been recently amended, it is legal to shoot them all the year round.

A female lecturer gives a list of "the needs of women," and carelessly neglects to put a new bonnet at the head. She is a poor specimen of a woman if she doesn't know that a new bonnet is put somewhere near the head.

"Does He Love Me?" is the interrogatory title of a new song. This being leap year, she should soon ascertain whether he loves her or not, without going to the trouble and expense of writing and printing a song on the subject.

Philadelphia parties advertise the "National Centennial Bulletin," a number to be "issued contennially." We advise our readers, if they think of subscribing, not to pay for more than two numbers in advance, because the probabilities are that they will be dead before the third number appears.

It is no disgrace to be poor, we know, but it is terribly inconvenient. We have often felt, after a hard day's work, as if we should like to read a few chapters in a Scandinavian Bible, and now here is the work, printed in 1550, offered for sale in New York, and we haven't a thousand dollars to spare to purchase it.

Mrs. Leonowens, speaking of the customs of Siam, says that when a girl falls in love she goes to the man's house and will not leave; and if he declines to marry her, the old women of the neighborhood turn out and pelt him with inferior eggs until he changes his mind. As long as this custom prevails, we shouldn't think the girls of Siam would care much if the almanac makers were to leave out leap year altogether.

A married woman of Montrose county eloped with her cousin, taking with her an infant and a pair of nine-year-old twins; whereupon a local paper moralizes thusly: "Oh, wicked wife! Oh, shameless mother! You have fallen from a pedestal of glory to a bottomless pit, and your torment will be forever!" Perhaps so; but the man with whom she eloped is all right. An infant and a pair of twins are a splendid start towards raising a family. Many a man doesn't accumulate that many in a lifetime.

—*Herald, Norristown, Pa.*

PERSONALITIES.

GEORGE ELIOT is a tremendous worker and a hard student. Like her husband, she is an excellent linguist, reading French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch with the greatest ease and with critical comprehension. Her constitution is good, but her health is delicate on account of the perpetual strain she puts upon it. She has earned by her pen, it is reported, including her pay for "Deronda," from $180,000 to $250,000.

THERE was a curious scene at the Victoria Station, London, the other day. The officials had prepared for the Empress of Austria's departure by laying down a scarlet carpet, and arranging a few flowers on each side of it. But her Majesty objected to the demonstration. She desired to be treated as she was when she arrived—as a purely private person—and she therefore sat in her carriage while the carpet and flowers were removed.

REV. DR. MUHLENBERG, of New York, is now on a visit to this, his native city. Dr. Muhlenberg is the great grand-nephew of General Peter Muhlenberg, of Revolutionary fame, and the grandson of Frederick A. Muhlenberg, the first Speaker of the House of Representatives. He himself has founded several flourishing institutions in New York and vicinity, and is also the author of religious lyrics, which are popular throughout the world. He is in his eightieth year, and seems younger than many younger men.

DR. VON BULOW says: "Everybody in Boston—that is, I mean, in the best musical circles—goes about in a sort of trance, as it were. When I talk to a man about a thing there, even of business, he says yes, and yes, and yes mechanically, and looks out of the window. I recollect I said to a large publisher, who was gazing away through the window at the other side of the street when I was talking to him, 'You must have a great many accomplished poets in this part of the country.' 'Why?' said he. 'Because,' said I, 'there are so many accomplished dreamers among you.'"

WHEN Dr. Norman McLeod preached before the Court of Abergeldie, the Prince of Wales kindly begged him in advance "not to preach more than twenty minutes." Upon this the stout Presbyterian Dean of the Most Noble and Ancient Order of the Thistle promptly replied that the Prince and the Court had nothing better to do on Sunday than to hear him preach, and he should preach as long as he thought good for them. He did, in fact, preach forty-seven minutes. To the credit of the future King of England, he adds, that the Prince listened very respectfully, and thanked him afterwards.

HUGH MILLER'S widow, recently dead, deserves, says an English paper, to be held in remembrance for her own as well as her husband's sake. There is no story of the kind more beautiful and impressive than that which tells of the courtship of the elegant, accomplished, high-spirited young lady with the slow, ponderous, and reticent stone-mason of Cromarty. She belonged to the upper middle class in a small Scotch district, where social distinctions are very sharply marked, and she did what not one woman in a thousand—in such a community—could do, when she discovered that under the homely garb of the working mason there was a gentleman of God's own making, whom she would be proud to have for her husband.

A NOTABLE event, and one very appropriate to the Centennial year of our independence was the discovery in Brooklyn, on the 27th ult'mo, of the long missing slab which covered the vault over the remains of the Wallabout martyrs. It was feared that the interesting relic had either been removed or had crumbled with decay. The stone bears the following inscription:

Sacred to the memory
of
American seamen, soldiers, and citizens
who perished in the cause of
Liberty and God
on board the prison-ship of the British
during the Revolutionary War at
Wallabout.

The stone bears date 1791.

MRS. SIDDONS once described with no small humor, to Campbell, the scene of her probation on the Edinburgh boards. The grave attention of the Scotchmen, and their canny reservation of praise till they were sure it was deserved, she said, had well nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay, but she now felt as if she had been speaking to stone. Successive flashes of her eloquence that had always been sure to electrify the south, fell in vain on those northern flints. At last, she said, that she had worked up her powers to the utmost emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart that if this could not touch the Scotch she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused and looked at the audidence. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice exclaiming, "That's no bad!"

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

PROFESSOR PECK says that in countries where cheese is used most, physicians are in less demand than where it is little used.

SOME of the new aniline colors are extremely poisonous. A man who bought a hat which had the strip of leather colored by one of these dyes, suffered from unbearable headache, swelling of the head, and small ulcers on the forehead.

A RECIPE for a new kind of cement for plugging hollow teeth is published by Ostermier; it is as follows: Seven parts burnt lime and sixteen parts glacial phosphoric acid are mixed together and pressed into the cavity; which has previously been carefully dried.

HARDENING SPRINGS.—Get a piece of spring steel about the size of spring wanted. When forged and filed to fit, make it warm red, immerse in spring water, dry the spring, then tie a piece of wire fast to the spring in any form, so as to hold it; dip in clean tallow or oil, put it on the fire until all the grease is burned off, and then swing round and round, as swift as you can, until cold.

HARDENING TOOLS.—Mr. W. Oldfield, in a communication to the *English Mechanic*, says: "Mercury is the best liquid for hardening steel-cutting tools. The best steel, when forged into shape and hardened in mercury, will cut almost anything. I have seen articles made from ordinary steel, which have been hardened and tempered to a deep straw color turned with comparative ease with cutting tools from good tool steel, hardened in mercury."

TO DRILL INTO HARD STEEL.—Make your drill oval in form, instead of the usual pointed shape, and temper as hard as it will bear without breaking; then roughen the surface where you desire to drill with a little diluted muriatic acid, and instead of oil, use turpentine or kerosene in which a little gum camphor has been dissolved, with your drill. In operating, keep the pressure on your drill firm and steady; and if the bottom of the hole should chance to become burnished, so that the drill will not act, as sometimes happens, again roughen with diluted acid, as before; then clean out the hole carefully, and proceed again.

THE GROWTH OF MAN.—Observations regarding the growth of man have determined the following interesting facts: The most rapid growth takes place immediately after birth, the growth of an infant during the first year of its existence being about eight inches. The ratio of increase gradually decreases until the age of three years is reached, at which time the size attained is half that which it is to become when full grown. After five years the succeeding increase is very regular till the sixteenth year, being at the rate, for the average man, of two inches a year. Beyond sixteen, the growth is feeble; while from eighteen to twenty the increase is seldom over one inch.

THE ingenious rifle recently invented by M. Peri, of the French army will, it is claimed, eventually supersede all other weapons of its class in present use. The peculiar novelty of this new rifle is said to consist in the position of the trigger on the top of the stock instead of underneath it. The trigger is attached to the cylinder which closes down the breech, and forms the rear end of the spring, which retains the striker at full cock, and is protected against any injury by the two wings of the breech shoe. The situation of the trigger on the top of the stock has simplified the mechanism for closing the breech and firing, which consists of six pieces held together with a screw. This rifle has also been satisfactorily tested in other countries.

WETTING PAPER.—It is said that a leading English chemist is engaged in experimenting upon a new process intended to render unnecessary the process of damping paper previous to its being printed. Such an invention, if successful, will lead to important results. Wetting paper is a troublesome and expensive process, occupying much time, and retarding the process of job and book work. Besides this, it injures the texture of the paper, and deprives it of its even and smooth surface. Wetting, when unequal, is often the cause of bad register, as the paper gives in some places more than in others. As the paper wetted has afterward to be pressed to restore its lustre, whoever succeeds in showing how to do away with the damping process will deserve well of the trade.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Finding Out the Secret. The Fable of the Rain. What We Are Doing. Elysium: Undying Love. Fortune-Telling. A Desperate Encounter. The Twin Sisters.

SYDNEY L.—A lady cannot very well propose the renewal of an engagement which has been broken off. The overture should come from the gentleman. But if, through mutual friends, the lady has the means of letting him know that such a proposition would be agreeable, she might avail herself of that medium without impropriety.

A LISPER.—Read aloud, very slowly and deliberately, for two or three hours every day. Dwell on each difficult word, and repeat it several times, until you force yourself into a better pronunciation. Practise this system for some months, and you will gradually improve your speech, even if you do not altogether cure yourself of lisping.

A. G. S.—If you cannot bear the idea of marrying your first cousin, why did you enter into a marriage engagement with her? It would, of course, be an act of folly for you to marry a woman whom you dislike; but, as you have made the engagement, and cannot induce her to relinquish her claim on you, you will have to take the consequences of her wrath in case she chooses to assert her legal rights.

S. W. K.—Your letter is another proof that if lovers would only place implicit confidence in each other while they are engaged, they would avoid many of the quicksands and shoals of married life. They would be beginning life together understanding each other, and their union would never become irksome, because it would be one, not only of hearts and hands, but of the mind as well. We, therefore, think the young lady ought to confide in you, as you do in her.

J. B. D. (Scranton).—"I should like to know if you ever criticise beginners' pieces for them? Please answer in your correspondent's column." Certainly not. Were we to undertake such a task we should be lost in the deluge of half-fledged poetry and halting prose which would be offered for our opinion. The only criticism we can undertake to give is that of silent rejection of unwelcome material. If we decline to publish an article, the writer may be sure that it has defects which render it unsuitable for publication. A writer of any talent will discover these defects and remedy them for himself. Of course, it is sometimes the case that articles, ably written, are declined, merely because we deem them unsuitable for our columns. Sometimes because we have had enough on the subject treated of. Other times, because we do not think the treatment, though able, sufficiently popular.

RAUNAY M.—Either of the three following cements are suitable for the purposes of aquaria: Mix boiled linseed oil, litharge, red and white lead together, to a proper consistence, always using the larger proportion of white lead. This composition may be applied to a piece of flannel and fitted to the joints. 2. A more powerful cement is composed in the proportion of two ounces of sal ammoniac and four ounces of sulphur, made into a stiff paste with a little water. When the cement is wanted for use, dissolve a portion of the paste in water, rendered slightly acid, and add a quantity of iron turnings or filings sifted or powdered, to render the particles of uniform size. This mixture will in a short time become as hard as stone. 3. Make a mixture of a solution of eight ounces of strong glue and one ounce of hard varnish of linseed oil, or three-quarters of an ounce of Venice turpentine, which are to be boiled together, agitating all the time, until the mixture becomes as complete as possible. The pieces to be cemented ought to be kept in junction for forty-eight or sixty hours.

QUAKER CITY.—The industrial and mechanical progress of this country date only from the time of peace, after the Revolution, the English laws preventing any other industries than agriculture. The first cotton mill was built at Beverly, Mass., in 1787. The Arkwright method of spinning was introduced in 1789, by Samuel Slater, who had to prepare his mechanism from memory, as England forbade exportation. Oliver Evans made the first double-acting high pressure steam engine about the latter end of 1783. Nails and dies were cut in 1787. Whitney invented the cotton gin in 1793. Whittemore invented the card stocking machine in 1797. Improvements in agriculture also began at the same auspicious time. The plough of 1776 was all of wood, except the wrought iron share, and some bolts and nuts. The first cast iron mould-board and wrought iron share was introduced in 1785. The first threshing machine was made in 1786. Arkwright applied steam to cotton machinery in 1785; and Oliver Evans to grinding plaster and sawing stone in Philadelphia at the same time, but the application to factory use was delayed for some time after this.

REPORTER.—"I wish an answer to a question or two through the POST. 1st. Do you think a young man of ordinary education can become proficient at short-hand writing without a teacher? 2d. What text-book would you recommend for the purpose? Also the cost, and where the book can be got? 3. Do all the newspaper reporters in this country use the same system of short-hand writing? Any other information that you can give me in regard to the subject will be thankfully received. My health is such that I am not able to follow my usual business for awhile, and I thought I might find a knowledge of short-hand writing useful some time. What do you think of my writing?" It is possible to become proficient in short-hand writing without a teacher, but you will find it a very difficult undertaking, and we should not judge, from your writing, that you have sufficient command of the pen readily to accomplish it. Read Charles Dickens' description of his efforts to master the mysteries of short-hand, in David Copperfield, and you will have a fair idea of the difficulties of phonography. Both Pitman's and Graham's Systems of Phonography are good text-books, the latter an American, the former an English work. You can procure either, through any bookseller, for about $1 50. Essentially the same system is used by all reporters, though they may differ slightly in details.

J. A. D. (Illinois).—"Allow me to congratulate you upon the excellence and the superiority in reading matter of the POST over that of other similar papers. Fifty-six years should bring a paper to the zenith of its popularity, after such a healthy life as the POST has exhibited. It is a good evidence of its work that all these years have only served to render it more highly prized by its subscribers. There is a friend of mine in this town who has taken the POST for twenty years, and who says he could not do without it. In common with many of your correspondents, I have a question to ask, and shall be obliged if you will give me the necessary information. I am anxious to find a book describing the Quaker religion, its forms, tenets, etc. Although I have sought for the desired information in a variety of ways, as yet I have been unsuccessful. Can you tell me where such a book can be found?" We print your congratulatory remarks as a sample of the many kind letters which are flowing in upon us. There are numerous works describing the doctrines of the Society of Friends—among them we may name the works of George Fox, in eight volumes; "Barclay's Apology," the "Discipline of Friends," and "Conversations on Religious Subjects," by S. M. Janney.

T. T. W.—"Please tell me the origin of the barber's pole? I have seen it once before in the POST, but it was a long time ago and I cannot remember in what number it appeared." In the "British Apollo," published in London in 1760, the following lines are to be found:

"In ancient Rome, when men loved fighting,
And wounds and scars took much delight in,
Man-murderers then had noble pay—
Whom we call surgeons to this day.
'Twas ordered that a huge long pole
With basin deck'd should grace the hole
To guide the wounded who unlopt
Could walk on stumps, the other hopt.
But when they ended all their wars,
And man grew out of love with scars,
Their trade decaying, to keep swimming,
They joined their other trade of trimming.
And on their poles, to publish either,
They twisted both their trades together."

The pole was used by the barber-surgeon for the patient to grasp in blood-letting, a bandage being used for tying his arm. When the pole was not in use, the bandage or tape was tied to it and twisted round it, and both hung up as a sign. At length, instead of hanging out the actual pole, a pole painted with stripes round it, in imitation of the real pole and its bandage, was substituted. Hence the origin of the present barber's pole.

MISCELLANEOUS.—L. A. N.—Glass is a better conductor of sound than wood. You had better consult some book on the subject. F. B.—Nobody can tell who is the best author or authoress. You might as well ask us who is the most beautiful woman in the United States. E. MONTGOMERY.—You may buy it alone, but get a model ring for the size of the finger. R. S. N.—All the inlets to such occupation are blocked up. Try something else. U. A. W.—It is a matter which can be decided only by the parties most interested in it, and not by any outsiders like ourselves. HOPE.—Give no encouragement to a lover whom you do not love, and do not intend to accept. We are sorry you require to be told this. FANNY.—We cannot tell which is the prettiest of the three names, unless we could see the owners, from whom, in general, names derive all their beauty. M A.—The only way is by advertising; but your extreme youth, we fear, would be a serious objection to your getting pupils. BALTO.—There is no such machine; common sense should have told you that.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*